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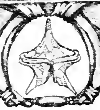

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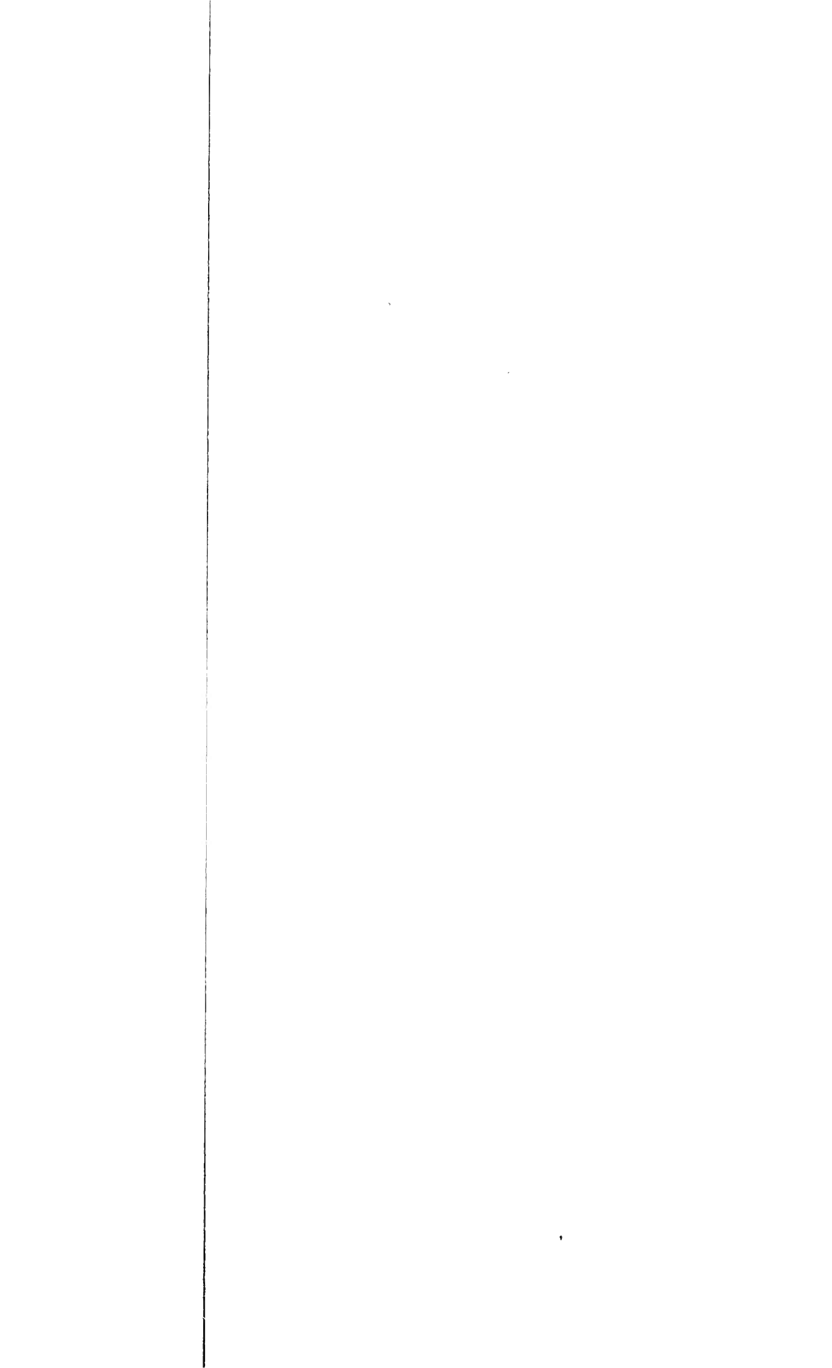

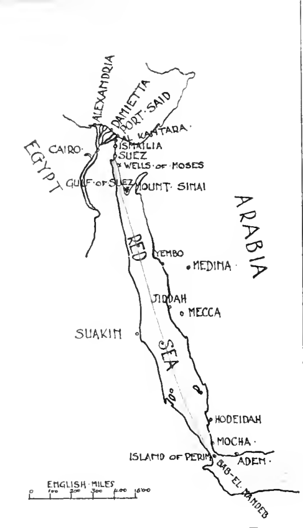

·MAP·
·OF·
·REV· D· G· MANUEL'S· ROUTE
·FOR·
"EASTERN· IMPRESSIONS"·

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. . mpressions

BY

THE REV. D. G. MANUEL, B.D.,

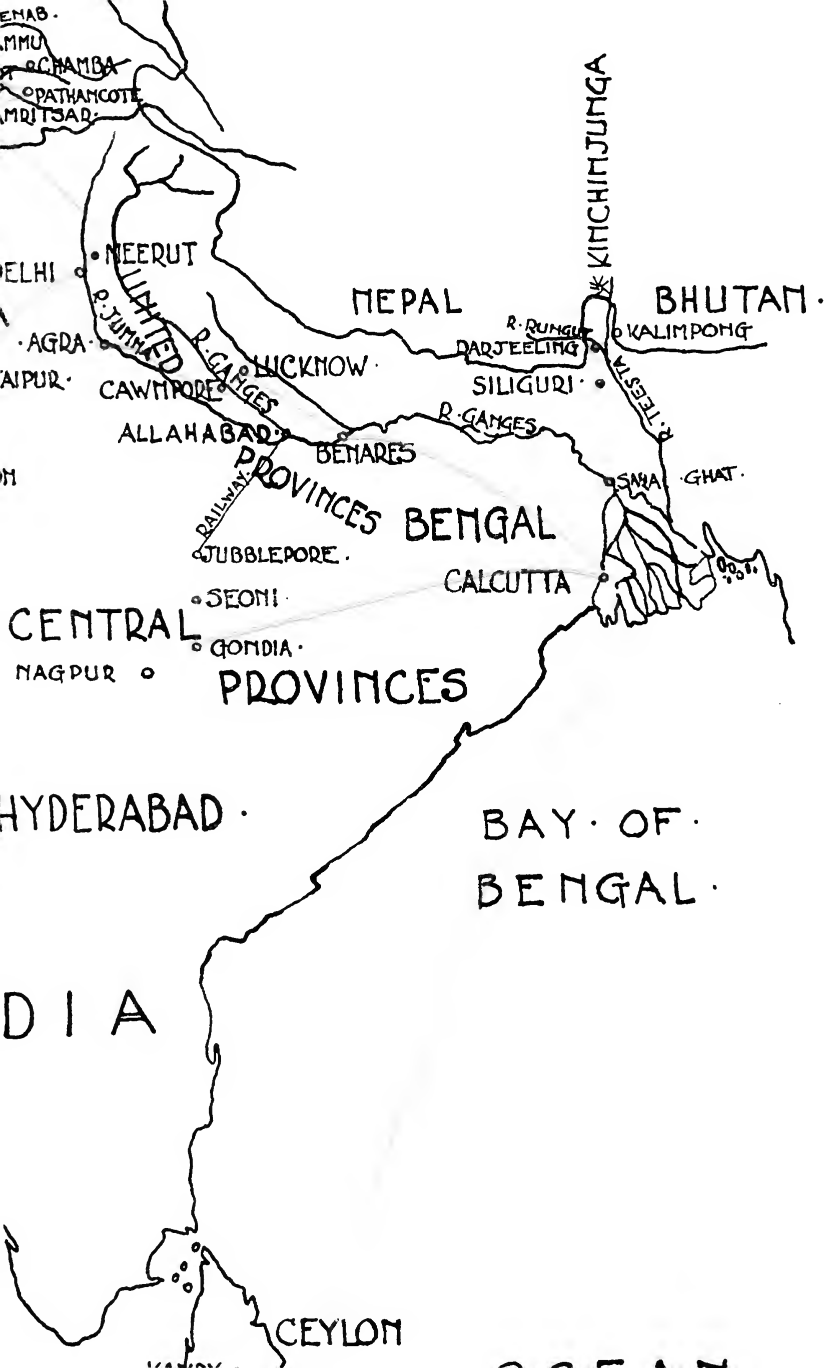
St. Andrew's Parish, Perth

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

D. B. NICOLSON, M.A., PERTH ACADEMY

PERTH: JOHN MACGREGOR & CO.

1907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R. GANGES
R. TEESTA
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GHAT
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BENGAL
CEYLON

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PRINTED BY MILNE, TANNAHILL, & METHVEN,
THE MILLS, HORSE CROSS, PERTH.

To

The Past and Present Members

of

My Young Men's Guild.

PRINTED BY MILNE, TANNAHILL, & METHVEN,
THE MILLS, HORSE CROSS, PERTH.

To

The Past and Present Members

of

My Young Men's Guild.

M25

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THIS book is a minister's gift to his young men.

For fully twenty-one years I have had the pleasure of being very closely associated with the members of my Young Men's Guild. From year to year I have received from them many helps and encouragements. In gratitude I have reproduced for past and present Guildsmen some of my "Eastern Impressions."

During the course of a recent tour in India and Ceylon, I wrote a number of letters to my Congregation. After my return, I endeavoured to tell, in the form of evening lectures, something of what I had seen and learned. Many of my Congregation were good enough to say to me that these letters and lectures were interesting and instructive. When the question of a Guild Stall for the forthcoming Bazaar of St. Andrew's Church was first discussed, it occurred to me that I might give to my young men, in book-form, the letters and the lectures which I had already written. Further reflection led me to see that to have put these together would have been to have presented a somewhat disconnected narrative. I have accordingly re-written or re-cast, on a definite plan, all that I had previously produced. During the past two years, I have also read much and thought much of the lands, the cities, the peoples, and the Christian Missions which I had the privilege of visiting.

To some extent this book embodies the results of this reading and reflection.

In dealing with my subject, I have sought to be as accurate as possible. I have done my best to verify every statement. I have also endeavoured to have the proof-sheets of the various chapters read by those whose residence in India or Ceylon has given them personal knowledge of the peoples and places of which I speak. A few mistakes in the text will be found corrected on page ix.

In preparing this book I have been favoured with valuable help. The Map of my Route has been prepared by Mr. A. Granger Heiton, Architect, Perth. The First and Second Chapters have been corrected by Dr. James Sommerville of Jodhpore, Rajputana; the Chapter dealing with "The Land of the Five Rivers" has been read and corrected by the Rev. George Waugh, B.D., of Sialkot; the Chapters on the Western and Eastern Himalayas have been read by the Rev. W. S. Sutherland, M.A., Foreign Mission Secretary of the Church of Scotland; the Chapter on "The Great Cities of India" has been read by Captain Robertson, Adjutant of the 4th V.B.R.H.; the Chapter on the Central Provinces has been read by the Rev. George Anderson, formerly a missionary in Seoni; the Chapter on Ceylon has been read by the Rev. David R. Henderson, M.A., Lecropt. From two literary friends—Mr. Cowan of the *Perthshire Advertiser*, and Mr. James Craigie of the Sandeman Library—I have received valuable advice. From two of my own Guildsmen, Mr. David B. Nicolson, M.A., and Mr. David A. Chalmers, I have received great assistance. Not only have the last two gentlemen read in proof the

whole of this book, but Mr. Nicolson has written, in clear and concise English, a most appreciative Preface, while Mr. Chalmers has prepared, with very great care, an Index which will go far to increase the usefulness of this volume. To each and all of these I tender my sincere thanks.

In many respects the writing of this book has been a "labour of love." I need not hide the fact that, as an addition to heavy pastoral and pulpit work, it has cost me an extra effort. I shall be more than repaid if it create a deeper interest in Christian Missions or give a better knowledge of Eastern lands. I shall be more than pleased if it help the young men of St. Andrew's Church to build a large part of the much-needed Halls, to which we are eagerly looking forward.

PERTH, April, 1907.

ERRATA.

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For Lamukdia, p.p. 55-56,	,,	Damukdia.
For Mrs. Black, p. 33,	,,	Miss Black
For Mahommedan, p. 89,	,,	Mohammedan.

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INTRODUCTION

ON Monday evening, January 16, 1905, a Social Meeting of the Congregation of St. Andrew's Church bade God-speed to their minister, the Rev. D. G. Manuel, B.D., prior to his visit to the Mission Stations of India. On Friday evening, June 2, an enthusiastic gathering gave him a welcome home. This book is Mr. Manuel's record of the eventful five months that intervened.

His outward and homeward journeys will be found extremely interesting reading. Here we have the first vivid impressions of a keen observer and an apt describer. Joining his ship at Marseilles, clearly and rapidly he takes his reader through the Mediterranean, and the Suez Canal, down the Red Sea, and so to Bombay, always brief and always suggestive in his necessary explanations. A description of a homeward journey by fair Ceylon, such as concludes the volume, is a severe trial of an author's powers, but I think it will be admitted that Mr. Manuel performs his task with conspicuous success.

Those interested in the great Mission Fields of India will find much valuable information here put before them. One cannot fail to be struck by the catholicity of the writer. While he acknowledges the splendid achievements of Dr. Macalister and the Missionaries of the United Free Church in Rajputana, he as heartily pays a well-earned tribute to Mr. M'Neel and Dr. Grant of the Original

Secession Church at Seoni. Members of the Church of Scotland will turn to the chapter on the great work that is being done by her devoted servants in the "Land of the Five Rivers" and among the Western Himalayas. They will find in the record of the labours of Mr. Dalgetty at Sialkot, of Dr. Youngson at Jammu, and of Dr. Hutchison at Chamba, much that is cheering in its success, and even fascinating in its romance. With the story of the Eastern Himalayas, at Darjeeling and Kalimpong, home-readers may be more familiar; but Mr. Manuel's faithful pictures of the districts amid which the eastern missions are situated, and of the peoples among whom they are carried on, should tend greatly to further the noble work that such capable men as Dr. Graham and Mr. Kilgour are there accomplishing.

To the general reader the sixth chapter must make an irresistible appeal. Its heading is the "Great Cities of India," but its theme is the great Indian Mutiny. It would be difficult to imagine, within the same compass, a more admirable account of that tragic story. The fine heroism of the British soldier we have all long known; the undoubted grievances of the Indian native we have seldom fully recognised. Yet, here both are presented with clearness and with power. To the high merit of this chapter I quote the tribute of a distinguished officer who has served in India and has seen the places which Mr. Manuel describes:—"I have read several accounts of the various cities and their histories, but I honestly have never come across any so concise and yet so thoroughly interesting in every word of the reading." With those words we can heartily concur.

After this spirited section, some reader may, I suppose, think the succeeding chapter on "Heathen Places of Worship" perhaps heavy, possibly dull. I venture to assure him that it is probably the most valuable portion of the book. It is the outcome of a very careful study which Mr. Manuel has made of Eastern religions. The salient points of Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, Sikhism, Mohammedanism, and Zoroastrianism, are clearly stated, and made to us more instructive by thoughtful comparisons and contrasts with the tenets of our own Christianity. I know that this study of comparative religions is one that has appealed strongly to Mr. Manuel's mind; and I express the hope that some day, using this chapter as a basis, he may favour us, on this subject, with a much more ambitious volume.

No one need doubt the value of "Eastern Impressions." The scope of the letterpress I have already indicated; an indispensable map is provided; the illustrations are unusually excellent. The author, an amateur photographer of many years' standing, may well feel proud of the plates he here presents to his readers. And, though the subject is delicate, I may be pardoned for adding that, were it not for the generosity of two personal friends of Mr. Manuel, this book could not have appeared at the price that is charged.

D. B. NICOLSON.

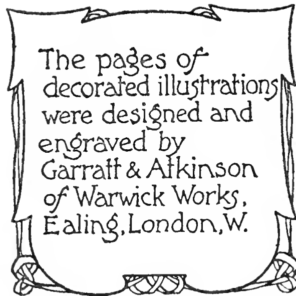
The pages of
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PLATE I.

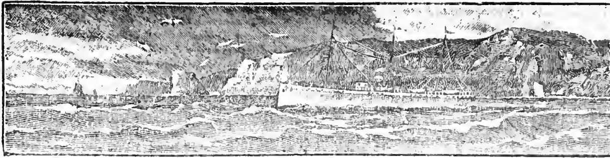
From DUNERA to BUNNIKET

From JAIPUR to AMBER.

From DARJEELING to KALIMPONG

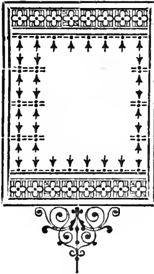
In and Around COLOMBO

From PATHANCOTE to DUNERA



CHAPTER I.

En Route for the East



CHOICE of one or other of two routes lies before anyone who would travel by a P. and O. steamer to India. He may either sail from Tilbury Dock, London, all the way to Bombay or Calcutta, or shorten the sea voyage by travelling overland to Marseilles. By the longer sea voyage he has the benefit of a sail down the English Channel, the questionable pleasure of a "rough time" in the Bay of Biscay, and a sight of the strongly fortified town of Gibraltar. By the overland route to Marseilles he can break his journey in Paris, have a passing view of cities and towns of well-known name, and above all, get some impressions of the "sunny south." Mainly to utilize to the utmost the time at my disposal, I preferred to join the steamer at the flourishing seaport in the South of France.

First impressions are usually vivid, and but for the fact that it is India and not Paris or the South of France that I wish to describe, I should have lingered over the pleasures derived from the railway journey in the extreme South of France, and more especially from a first glimpse of the Mediterranean. Suffice it to say that a long night journey, from Paris to Marseilles, was very

agreeably relieved by the dawn of an exceedingly bright morning. Although it was but the month of January, winter seemed to have lost its hold, and a landscape quite unlike anything I had previously seen afforded an almost endless interest. White limestone rocks, recurring in frequent ridge, threw back the sun's rays with almost painful glare; olive-yards of greater or less extent covered the bare brown earth; while towns and villages of quaint, if not unique appearance, passed in almost too rapid succession. A bend in the railway, not far from the city of Marseilles, revealed the well-nigh indescribable blue of a somewhat ruffled Mediterranean, and I had the pleasure of seeing for myself a glory that had oftentimes been described, but never until now half realized.

A somewhat hurried journey from the railway station to the dock in which the P. and O. steamers are berthed did not permit much of a view of the flourishing city of Marseilles. It was only possible to realize the beauty of the situation of the Sailors' Church—"Notre Dame de la Garde"—and to feel the throb of life in a great French city.

By about ten o'clock on the morning of Saturday, January 21st, I found myself on board the "Macedonia"—one of the largest and most comfortable of P. and O. steamers. By about noon, the voyage to Bombay commenced. A backward glance at the city of Marseilles revealed somewhat of its size, if not its picturesque situation; a study of the numerous ships loading and unloading in its docks told of the extent of its commerce; while a sight of the Chateau d'If brought back to memory the name of Monte Cristo.

From Marseilles to Port Said, the "Macedonia"

steered an almost direct course, and that without stopping. Immediately outside Marseilles, the Gulf of Lyons was far from being in a quiet mood, with the result that the ten thousand tons of the steamer's weight did not prevent many of the passengers from sea-sickness. Night had fallen by the time the "Macedonia" reached the Straits of Ajaccio. It was somewhat unfortunate that Sardinia, and more especially Corsica, with its Napoleonic associations, were hidden from view. By about ten o'clock we were passing Stromboli, regretting, to some extent, that this volcanic island of the Lipari group was covered by the darkness, but realizing an effect all the grander because of the discharges of molten lava that were being periodically cast up against a dusky sky. By midnight we were passing through the Straits of Messina. Even at that late hour so fascinating was the appearance of the lights of the towns and villages on both the Italian and Sicilian shores that it was difficult to leave the deck of the steamer. To all this had to be added classic memories of Scylla and Charybdis, but, needless to say, for that night at least, they had lost almost everything of their terror.

In comparatively calm water the "Macedonia" wended her way from Italy to Egypt. On an afternoon were to be seen, to the left, the snowy peaks of Crete. With this exception there was nothing but "a sight of salt water unbounded." It was Sunday: and like good people we spent the day very quietly and restfully. At 10.45 a.m. we were summoned to an Episcopal service in the First-class Saloon, and at 8.30 p.m. we were again summoned to an even more interesting service in the Second-class Saloon. On the latter occasion, an Episcopal clergyman, in white surplice and Oxford hood,

conducted the devotional part of the service, while my friend, the Rev. Robert Kilgour, in black Geneva gown and B.D. Glasgow hood, preached the sermon. The combination was as beautiful in spirit as it was effective in appearance.

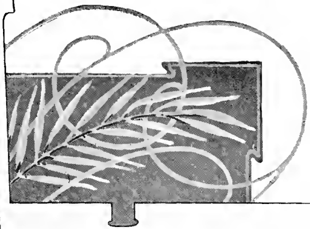
For several miles before reaching Port Said the waters of the Mediterranean assumed a distinctly brown, if not muddy hue. It was evident that we were not far from the mouths of the River Nile. On our right, on the low coast line of Egypt, we could faintly discern what was said to be Damietta. An hour or two afterwards we were making for Port Said. A nearer view shewed the harbour to have been formed, or at least protected, by two break-waters, 1500 yards apart, and constructed of concrete, the western mole being 2726 yards long, and the eastern one 1962 yards. By means of a red light at the end of the western break-water, and a green light at the end of the eastern one, ships are enabled at night to find their way into the harbour. Not far from where the western break-water leaves the shore, stands a lighthouse, 160 feet high, built of concrete, and capable of shedding light that can be seen 20 miles off. Further out, upon the same break-water, stands a statue to De Lesseps, the French engineer who planned and carried out the construction of the Suez Canal, and to whom, as a consequence, much of the present prosperity of Port Said is due.[1]

The town of Port Said is decidedly modern, but far from inviting. Its buildings are mostly of wood, the one great exception being the handsome offices of the Suez Canal Company.[2] Egyptian policemen patrol its streets, but its moral life is distinctly low. To the West is an

1 See Plate II. 2 See Plate II.

PLATE II.

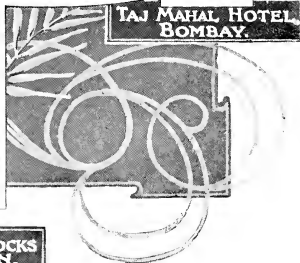
CANAL COMPANY'S OFFICES, PORT SAID.



SIGNALLING STATION ON CANAL.

STATUE OF DE LESSEPS, PORT SAID.

TAJ MAHAL HOTEL, BOMBAY.



BARREN ROCKS OF ADEN.

Arab quarter, with a population of 7600, many of whom find employment in connection with the coaling of large steamers.

The Suez Canal is about one hundred miles long. For forty-two miles, or as far as Ismailia, it runs almost due north and south. For the next thirty-five miles it takes a bend to the east. For the last twenty miles, until it reaches Suez, its course is almost due south. A word or two regarding this great water-way between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea may not be uninteresting.

The Canal was constructed by De Lesseps, between the years 1856 and 1869, for the purpose of shortening the route to India. Although largely in the hands of the French to begin with, the British Government in 1873, through the far-seeing policy of Lord Beaconsfield, purchased 176,602 shares in it, to the value of £4,000,000, and this has given Great Britain a large share in its management.

Alongside of the Canal on its western side run a fresh-water canal and a railway. The former comes from the Nile, and supplies Port Said with water. The latter is the property of the Canal Company, and runs as far south as Ismailia, branching off from there to Cairo. Beyond this fresh-water canal and railway Lake Menzaleh stretches for a considerable distance. The water of this arm of the Mediterranean at some parts seemed capable of carrying boats of small size, but at the majority of places we found it difficult to distinguish between water and land. On its surface we saw what was pointed out to us as a mirage—islands and boats in the distance, but all without reality,

> "As idle as a painted ship,
> Upon a painted ocean."

At intervals on the same side of the Canal are to be found beautiful stations serving the double purpose of halting-places for the trains and signalling stations for ships passing along the Canal.[1] All along the sides of the fresh-water canal, trees and willows have been planted, and these are struggling nobly against their parching circumstances; but at the stations to which I have referred, owing to a more plentiful use of fresh water, the beautiful red-tiled buildings are surrounded by luxuriant palms and a variety of tree known as babul or *acacia arabica*.

At one of these stations we were much interested in some signalling operations which caused the "Macedonia" to halt. Several big ships coming in an opposite direction had to do the same. The cause we found to be that the Empress Eugenie, who opened the Canal in 1869, and who had been a passenger by our steamer from Marseilles to Port Said, was to pass us in a steam-launch going from Port Said to Ismailia.

Of the features of the Canal, on its eastern side, little need be said. For miles along its banks, and extending as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but a dreary waste of sand. The only relief to the monotony was found in variety of colour, the shade of the sand varying from saffron and yellow to dark brown. Here and there might be seen what looked like a brackish pool, but not a green shrub made its appearance. One was scarcely surprised to learn that such a district was the home of the fox, the jackal, the hyena, and sometimes the lion.

About 20 miles south of Port Said, still on the eastern side of the Canal, the lifeless desert was relieved

[1] See Plate II

by the sight of a few camels. On coming close to them we discovered that they were the first signs of the life of the Arab village of Kantarah. Part of this consisted of tents which seemed more primitive than the humblest gipsy dwelling. Another part looked as if it were nothing more than mud huts. In the centre rose one building with all the appearance of a Mohammedan mosque, and here and there a few palm trees broke an otherwise dreary outline. Giving an additional interest to this village was the fact that it was upon the caravan route from Syria to Egypt, and very likely not far from the very road trodden by the familiar feet of Old and New Testament story. Perhaps over this very spot Joseph was carried as a slave into Egypt. Perhaps by this very road his brothers travelled in search of corn. Perhaps by this route a Greater One still was borne as His parents tried to save Him from the jealousy of Herod.

Farther on, on the western side of the Canal, were to be seen strings of camels apparently employed in carrying sand. Generally four were tied together and driven by a mere boy. A much less pleasing sight was that of the fellaheen who had been working in the sand, and who, all too readily, stopped their work that they might run alongside of the boat shouting for baksheesh. These were ever ready to follow farther if they got anything, but equally ready to grow abusive if they received nothing.

The latter part of the Canal was unfortunately traversed by night. Suez was reached in the early morning when most of us were fast asleep. During the night we must have passed the spot at which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. It is generally believed to

have been between what are known as the Bitter Lakes and the head of the Gulf of Suez.

Getting on deck early in the morning of January 27th, I found that the steamer had just left Suez, but not without permitting me to see what are known as "The Wells of Moses," the conspicuous features of which are their palm trees.

For nearly a day we passed through the Gulf of Suez, the western arm of the Red Sea. We could see little beyond the Egyptian shore on the one side and the Arabian upon the other. To me both were deeply interesting. Stretching away to the west was Egypt with all its story, ancient and modern. To the east was the peninsula in which the Israelites are recorded to have wandered for forty years. At one spot could be seen Mounts Sinai and Horeb. The western shore was very sandy, with mountains rising in the distance; the eastern was rocky and even mountainous at the water's edge. Like the sands of the desert the rocks varied from lightest to darkest shades of brown; sometimes they had the appearance of a bright red. Not a vestige of life could be seen.

Leaving the Gulf of Suez, we sailed for about two days down the Red Sea. As the shores on both sides are very dangerous, being studded with small islands and sunken reefs, the "Macedonia" steered a "middle course," with the result that we were almost out of sight of land. With the heat gradually increasing, there was nothing for it but to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the awning of the ship, and to try to get hold of an interesting book.

An occasional study of the ship's chart reminded us that we were passing, on the western side, Suakin,

with its memories of the landing of our soldiers during the Nile expeditions of 1884 and 1885, and, on the eastern side, Yenbo and Jiddah, from which ports hundreds of Mohammedan pilgrims were doubtless wending their way to Medina and Mecca.

Further south we had glimpses of Hodeidah and Mocha, both famed for their export of coffee. To the passer-by, the most notable features of these were the numerous minarets and domes of what looked like large Mohammedan mosques.

At the southern entrance to the Red Sea is the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, otherwise, "The Gate of Tears." Occupying the narrowest part of the Strait lies the Island of Perim. To some of us on board it was pointed out as the island upon which the P. and O. steamer "China" had grounded, with a distinguished minister of the Church of Scotland on board, but happily without loss of life, or much injury to the ship. The island, it may be interesting to state, after having been in the hands of various possessors, is now under British rule. Albuquerque landed upon it in 1513, and, after erecting a cross upon one of its heights, called it Vera Cruz. It was afterwards occupied by pirates, but its natural absence of water prevented them from making of it anything like a permanent home. In 1799 the East India Company took possession of it, and sent a force from Bombay to hold it, lest the French, who were then in Egypt, should join hands with the Indian rebel, Tipu Sahib. Thus it became a British possession, and is now guarded by relays of men from the garrison at Aden.

It was somewhat disappointing to find that we anchored in the Gulf of Aden about eight o'clock at

night. For the two or three hours we were there we saw nothing but the lights upon the shore. I was told that beyond its huge water-tanks and its barracks it contained nothing very interesting.

Aden, it might be mentioned, was taken from the Arabs, by the British, on the 16th of January, 1839. From that time until 1867 the history of the place tells of attempt after attempt, unsuccessfully made, by the Arabs, to regain possession. From that time onwards the Arabs seem to have accepted the inevitable, and to have acknowledged the supremacy of the British Crown.

Seen from another P. and O. steamer on a return journey, under the light of a brilliant April afternoon, it was easy to realize how "barren" were the "rocks of Aden," and to understand how monotonous and unpleasant it must be for our soldiers and our civilians to reside there.[1] It did not help matters to be told that while huge water-tanks had been constructed to catch any fresh water that might be available in the form of rain, not a single drop had fallen for the past five years. All honour to our soldiers, who, at the call of duty, maintain here their long and sometimes trying guard. All honour likewise to Ian Keith Falconer for an effort put forth, in and around this barren spot, to carry the Gospel of Christ to the dusky Arab. Huge barrack-looking buildings, in the town of Aden, tell of the effort put forth by the British Government for the comfort of our soldiers. It is not unfitting that among the few Churches which have been erected, in a place that was once the exclusive home of the Crescent, one Church at least should bear the name, and preserve the memory, of a devoted missionary of the Cross.

1 See Plate II.

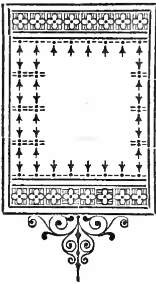
The voyage across the Arabian Sea is oftentimes far from pleasant. At certain seasons of the year, the heat is overpowering; at other times, cyclones and monsoons prevail. Nothing could have been more agreeable than my experience. During the few days that we were sailing for Bombay a strong cooling breeze met the ship. Life on board could scarcely have been more pleasant. Not a single passing ship relieved the monotonous deep, but, as if to make up for this, there was scarcely a time of the day in which flying-fish were not to be seen darting out of water which the ship had disturbed, or a shoal of dolphins disporting themselves at what they seemingly felt to be a safe distance.

Bombay, the "Queen of the East," or "The Eye of India," as it is sometimes called, is built upon an island facing the Arabian Sea on the West, and with a large bay on the East. Looking shoreward from the steamer the eye rests upon a range of low hills rising on the horizon, half concealed by a curtain of mist. Nearer the City, a number of islands come into view, most of which are utilized for hospital or military purposes. Right in front, and introducing us to the buildings of Bombay, is the magnificent Taj Mahal Hotel,[1] and side by side with it the less pretentious Yacht Club. Rising immediately behind these, are the square clock tower of the University Buildings and the outlines of many beautiful Saracenic structures. Such is the general appearance of the "Queen of the East" as she waits to extend a hospitable welcome to one who would seek to gain a little knowledge of our great Indian Empire.

[1] See Plate II.

CHAPTER II.

From Bombay to Rajputana



N the morning of Friday, 3rd February, and not far from the City of Bombay, the "Macedonia" cast anchor. Somewhat shallow water had prevented the big ship from getting to the pier, but a large steam launch was not long in transferring the passengers.

What a crowd upon the pier! What a variety of colour! What a babble of voices! What a number of nationalities! To the soldier or the civilian returning to India on duty the crowd was perhaps interesting only in so far as it revealed a familiar face; to one who was seeing India for a first time the gathering was distinctly instructive. We had been led to understand that in Bombay would be found Hindus of varied caste, Mohammedans, Parsees, Jews, and representatives of many of the leading Western nations; upon the landing stage nearly all were in evidence. At Port Said, we had been made familiar with the loud-voiced persistency with which the Oriental can offer his services; in Bombay we were able to experience the bewildering extent to which this clamour can be carried.

Next to the cosmopolitan character of her inhabitants, Bombay's modes of conveyance attract attention. Slow-crawling waggons drawn by a pair of bullocks or it may be buffaloes, gharris or cab-like conveyances harnessed to more familiar horses, ekkas or simple bamboo-carts fastened to fast trotting bullocks throng the streets in almost endless variety. In spite of all that Kipling has said, the East *has* been "hustled" by the West: there, too, are the motor car and the electric tramway!

It was somewhat unfortunate that not a room could be had in the huge Taj Mahal Hotel. Compensation came in an experience of an older Indian structure. For a comparatively small sum, a suite of rooms, consisting of a sitting-room, bedroom and bath-room, was placed at my disposal. Brown servants were everywhere, and I should say three times as many as seemed to be needed. Somewhat ominous it was to find the bed in which I was to sleep surrounded by a mosquito curtain.

As a City, Bombay divides itself into two distinct parts—a native and a European. The European district covers a large area, and includes many handsome public buildings and private residences. The native district occupies a much smaller space, and is unhealthily crowded. One has only to pass through its narrow streets, with lofty buildings on either side, to know why Bombay has acquired a bad health record.

A drive in the direction of Malabar Hill took us past some temples of not very imposing appearance, and a number of very handsome bungalows. The former represent the places in which the Parsees worship according to the religion of Zoroaster, and the latter

the houses in which the wealthier Parsees dwell. In the course of the same drive we passed a cemetery in which the Mohammedans bury their dead, a number of Ghats where the Hindus burn them, and last of all the Towers of Silence where the Parsees leave dead bodies to be devoured by vultures. Not the least interesting building passed in the course of the afternoon was the Wilson College, where the United Free Church of Scotland, under the guidance of Principal M'Kichan, carries on a most extensive educational and religious work.

A judicious blending of Hindu, Gothic, and Saracenic architecture has given to the City of Bombay a number of very attractive buildings. Following the line of the shore of the Bay, first of all comes Elphinstone College, then the Secretariat, or Headquarters of the Government. Beyond this is the University of Bombay, with a Tower rising to a height of 260 feet; the Courts of Justice, with a Tower 175 feet high; the Department of Public Works, the Post Office, the Telegraph Office, the Town Hall, the Mint. Then follow in order The Holy Trinity Church, the High School, St. Xavier's Roman Catholic College, Wilson College, long rows of Barracks, Officers' Quarters and Clubs, the Sailors' Home, several Hospitals, a School of Art, and Elphinstone High School; and, perhaps most imposing of all, Victoria Railway Station, one of the finest railway buildings in the world. It is by no means uninteresting or insignificant to learn that one-fourth of all these buildings were presented to the City by rich and patriotic natives.

On the forenoon of Saturday, 4th February, a visit was paid to the rock-hewn Temples of Elephanta. A

small steam-launch made the passage in little over an hour. During this time valuable opportunities of seeing the islands which stud the Bay were given.

The Island of Elephanta, known by the natives as Gharapuri—*i.e.*, the "Town of the Rock" or the "Town of Excavations,"—derives its English name from a huge mass of rock, shaped like an elephant, which stood at the South end of the island, until in 1814 its head and neck dropped off; but the main feature of the island is its rock-hewn temples. In the higher of the two peaks, in which the interior of the island culminates, these temples are to be found. One large temple and two smaller side ones have been hewn out of the solid granite. They are entered between two massive pillars overhung by brush-wood and wild shrubs. The large temple is, roughly speaking, 130 feet square and from 32 to 58 feet high. The roof is supported by 16 pilasters and 26 massive pillars. In a recess in the centre is a huge figure of Siva, known in the Hindu pantheon as the Destroyer. His expression does not belie his character. On his head he wears a tiara or crown. In one hand he holds a citron, and in the other a cobra. Around his neck are several necklaces of repulsive appearance. Around the walls of the temples are many more images of Hindu gods, with here and there little side chapels which seem to have been used for worship. Most of the images are in a very imperfect condition. Time may have dealt hardly with them, but the principal explanation is, that, when the Portuguese made war with a view to capturing India, they fired several of their cannon balls right into the caves, destroying several of the columns and a large number of the images. The origin of the caves, and the time when

they were constructed, are to a large extent matters of conjecture. It is generally believed that they date back to some time between the 9th and 11th Centuries. At other places, and especially at Ellora, more elaborate caves are to be found, all seeming to indicate that at one time this was a favourite method of temple construction.

A Sunday spent in Bombay was in every respect memorable. The Rev. John Cameron, Presidency Chaplain, had asked me to conduct morning service in St. Andrew's Church. At the close I found among my congregation some who had come from the Fair City. It was perhaps somewhat disconcerting to have to conduct the service while punkas or huge fans were at work for the purpose of cooling the atmosphere; otherwise the service was not much different from what it would have been at home. Without undue criticism it may safely be said that the edifice of St. Andrew's Church in Bombay is scarcely worthy of the Church of Scotland. A visit in the afternoon to the Wilson College, and a long talk with Principal M'Kichan, proved highly instructive. A Communion Service, conducted by Mr. Cameron in St. Andrew's Church, in the evening, brought together European and Eurasian. However much the Eurasian, or half-caste, may be despised throughout the length and breadth of India, at a Communion table all are "one in Christ Jesus."

A night journey of 120 miles by train brought us to Poona about 6 a.m. Thither we had gone in the hope of seeing something of mission work as carried on by the Church of Scotland. Knowing beforehand that much of travel in India would require to be done by night, I had oftentimes a doubt as to how far it would

be restful. In this case, a very comfortable saloon carriage, admirably adapted for the making of an extemporized bed, tempted not only to sleep but almost to too much of it. We awoke as the train was nearing Poona; and only by turning out on the railway platform half-dressed were we able to prevent the train from carrying us beyond our destination. During the night one of the most beautiful railways in India had brought us through the Western Ghauts to the old capital of the Maratha Kingdom, about 2,000 feet above sea-level.

We had only a forenoon to spend in Poona, but owing to the kindness and helpfulness of Miss Bernard and other missionaries of the Church of Scotland we were able to see the various organizations connected with the Church of Scotland Mission Station,—the Schools under the charge of Miss Bernard, the Hospital under the care of Dr. Mary Dods, and the Orphanage under the charge of other missionaries. Not far from Poona might have been found the place where Pundita Ramabai carries on her singularly successful work among the widows of India. In Poona itself there would have been found much to interest. But we were due to start on the same evening for a long journey to Rajputana, and by 2 p.m. we had to wend our way back to Bombay. Our first introduction to missionary work, as carried on by the Church of Scotland in India had been given, and it is a sincere pleasure to record that upon excellent lines and with good results, a very beneficent educational, evangelistic, and medical work is being developed.

It would be difficult to describe the pleasure given by the journey back to Bombay. The Ghauts with

their serrated peaks, now stood out in striking beauty. From peak to peak the eye passed, sometimes to rest in a beautiful valley with a well-made road, and sometimes to note the highly-commendable skill with which the railroad had been constructed. Lower down, came into view one of the Great Roads of India, and on either side of it highly cultivated fields. Trees of large size, oftentimes covered with a wealth of bright scarlet flower, seemed to abound; while the cactus hedge, so frequently to be seen in the course of further journeys, was constantly in evidence. Nearer Bombay, the railway crossed a very beautiful river, and as the sunset tints lit up the landscape with a glow to be seen only in the East, a day of rich experience drew to a close.

It ought to be said that kindness shown to us in Bombay by the Rev. Mr. Cameron and his wife, also by Mr. and Mrs. Chrystal—both of whom are linked by tender ties to Manses in Scotland—did much to make our time in Bombay pleasant and instructive.

By about 11 o'clock on the evening of Monday, 6th February, we had started on a journey of about 700 miles. As a result of a friendship formed during our passage by the "Macedonia," we had accepted an invitation to visit the Rev. Dr. Macalister, one of the missionaries of the United Free Church of Scotland, at his mission station of Jaipur, in Rajputana. The first night in the train was far from pleasant. The compartment in which our beds had to be arranged was narrow, and it did not improve matters when the two upper berths came to be occupied by natives, who afterwards spent the most of the night in smoking very bad tobacco.

After a journey of about 300 miles, morning dawned, and the city of Ahmedabad was reached. During the

half-hour spent here we were scarcely conscious of the interesting and in many respects beautiful city through which we were passing. We afterwards learned that it was once the grandest city in Western India. Sir Thomas Roe, in 1615, described it as "a goodly city, as large as London." Even at the present time, competent authorities say that it ranks next to Delhi and Agra for the beauty and extent of its architecture.

At several places beyond Ahmedabad it was no uncommon thing to see a troop of monkeys or a number of peacocks evidently quite at home amid the disturbing conditions of a railway station. Out in the fields from the earliest dawn of day farmers could be seen drawing water from their creaking wells or tending their flocks of sheep, goats, or buffaloes. The railway could scarcely be said to be fenced, but at places it was bounded by rows of trees, known as sirrus, and at others by hedges of carefully-cropped cactus.

An unexpected variation occurred at a railway station, named Maksana.[1] The Gaekwar of Baroda, known in this country as one of the most enlightened of native Indian princes, and justly praised in his own land for his enterprise in constructing at least three railways which branch off into his territory at Maksana, had been expected to arrive at this railway station. In anticipation of the event, the station had been gaily decorated, and a guard of honour, composed of native police, was waiting to receive him. Crowds of country people, who had come to see the Gaekwar, had also gathered about the station. In the distance appeared a stately building of the nature of a palace, and in this neighbourhood could be seen opium fields,

[1] See Plate III.

bright with the flower of the poppy. Further on, the country seemed bare and barren. Dry river-beds looked as if no water had passed over them for months. But the railway station never seemed to lack interest. At nearly every stopping place a dome or domes surmounting the railway buildings gave an air of grandeur to the structure.[1] More interesting still was the life of the native, as it might there with advantage be studied. Few railway stations were without crowds of natives, who had been waiting for the train perhaps for hours. Ever ready to meet the wants of the passenger were the water-carrier with his great skin bottle, the sweetmeat seller with a variety of tempting luxuries, the fruit seller with the choicest of the season's products, and, above all, the richly dressed beggar, evidently believing that it would be a privilege for anyone to have the opportunity of bestowing some Indian coin upon him.

Of all the railway stations on this northern route, Abu Road created the largest amount of expectation. Previous reading with regard to India had informed us that not far from this place was Mount Abu, with its world-renowned Jain Temples and its beautiful scenery. We were aware that it lay sixteen miles off from the station, but as the eye wandered in its direction enough of it could be seen to indicate how much would have been realized had only time permitted. Beyond miles of steadily sloping fields rose a ridge of jagged hills, and as a brilliant sun set behind them, it almost seemed as if it were there to make up for the glories which we had unfortunately missed.

An hour or two's journey in the darkness brought us to Ajmir. Here I had the great pleasure of meeting

1 See Plate III.

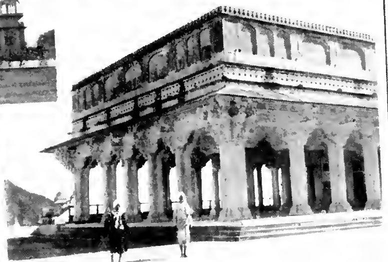
PLATE III.

MAKSANA R^Y STATION.

MARWAR R^Y JUNCTION STATION.

AJMIR GATE, JAIPUR

ALBERT HALL, JAIPUR.



DIWAN I-AM, AMBER.

three Perth young men, now serving with the Seaforth Highlanders,—one of them connected with my own congregation. Half-an-hour in their company sped all too quickly, but not without serving to form a link between loved ones at home and boys in a far-off country.

A journey of about three hours' duration brought us to Jaipur. At the station we were met by the kindest of hosts, and after a short drive to the Mission Compound of the United Free Church of Scotland, we found ourselves under the hospitable roof of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Macalister. Our hosts had arranged that we should see as much as possible of the cities of Jaipur and Amber. For this reason we were unable to see much of the educational and evangelistic work which is being carried on so successfully at this Mission Station. We scarcely needed to see the direct operation. As we passed from place to place, it was abundantly evident that the work of such men as the venerable Mr. Traill and the highly-gifted Dr. Macalister had won for them a large place in the hearts of the people. From what these missionaries have done for Jaipur, in times of repeated famine, their worth has come to be recognized both by the Maharajah and his subjects. We were not surprised to learn that a Kaiser-i-Hind medal—one of the most recent honours bestowed upon Anglo-Indians for distinguished service—had been given to Dr. Macalister for the special work which he had done.

A few words regarding Jaipur and Amber may not be out of place. Jaipur, the modern capital of a native State of the same name, was founded, in 1738, by Maharajah Siwai Jey Singh II., to take the place of the old capital, Amber. Unlike most Indian cities, its

streets are wide and regular. Cross streets divide it into six equal portions, and as shewing the modern nature of the place, its main streets are 111 feet wide, well paved, and lit with gas. The whole city is surrounded by a crenellated wall of imposing, if not very strong, masonry, and pierced by seven more or less beautiful gateways.[1]

Within the city there are many signs of life and prosperity. Its buildings include large banks and other trading establishments. Its manufactures embrace every kind of jewellery and coloured clothing; while its enamel work is said to be the finest in India.

Of the buildings within the city, the most imposing is the Palace of the Maharajah. Including gardens and pleasure grounds it covers one-seventh of the area of the whole city. The Palace itself culminates in a very lofty structure, seven stories high, with a beautiful outlook over the gardens and city. Adjoining the garden is a tank or pond, in which a number of alligators are kept, evidently for some special reason. Most noticeable of all is the Jantra or Observatory, erected by the famous Royal Astronomer, Jey Singh. Entirely unlike ordinary observatories, it stands in an open court-yard, and is full of curious and fantastic instruments, including stone dials, gnomons and quadrants. Most of these were invented and designed by Jey Singh himself, and, although not understood in the present day, are the admiration of many astronomers. Other places at which Jey Singh erected observatories are Benares, Muttra, Delhi, and Ujjain. Not far from the Observatory is the "Hall of the Winds," a curious, fantastic building decorated with

[1] See Plate III.

stucco, and abutting upon one of the principal streets. From visitors to Jaipur it invariably receives a good deal of attention, but it has been somewhat overpraised. Even Sir Edwin Arnold has made this mistake. Outside the city is a large public garden. In the centre stands a very beautiful modern structure, named the Albert Hall, the foundation-stone of which was laid by our King, as Prince of Wales, in 1875. The building has been justly described as "a dream in stone," and is now devoted to the educational purposes of a museum and picture gallery.[1]

Five miles from Jaipur, by a road crossing hills which half encircle the city, lies the ancient capital, Amber. The journey thither, not so much from its difficulty as from use and wont, is generally made on the back of an elephant. Arrangements for this, in our case, had been very satisfactorily made by our host, who, it may be mentioned, is on the most friendly terms with the Maharajah, and as a result was able to procure for us one of his most handsome elephants. A ride upon the back of an elephant, especially for one who has to undergo the ordeal for a first time, is not of the most assuring kind.[2] As an experience it is worth having. Under the care of a very efficient driver, and an equally faithful attendant, the huge animal took us over a somewhat rough road, past a beautiful lake at the foot of the old palace, and up the steep ascent which leads to the ancient building. A wander through the old palace revealed many beautiful and wonderfully well-preserved buildings. Of these, the most striking was the Diwan-i-Am, or Hall of Public Audience, with its magnificently carved marble pillars and its latticed

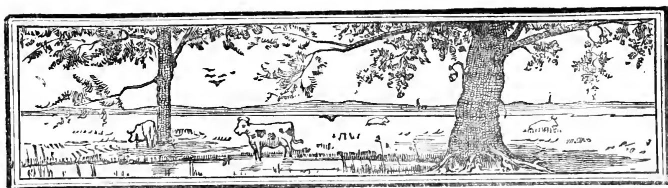
[1] See Plate III. [2] See Plate I.

galleries.[1] One could readily understand how an old Rajah, on expecting a visit from the great Moghul, Jehangir, should have feared that the sight of such beauty should lead the visitor to cast longing eyes upon the property. One can also understand how, to avert an undue appearance of wealth, the old Rajah should have caused the pillars, for the time being, to be coated over with plaster. But one can also understand how our present King, when he visited India in 1875, and found that the pillars had thus suffered, should have made a request that they be cleaned and restored, as they now are, to something of their pristine beauty.

Not far from this Hall is a small temple, in which a sacrifice of a goat is made—a reminiscence of the time when a human victim used to be offered daily to Kali. Almost too realistic were the sword with which the victim for the morning had been killed, and the dust covering up the blood which had been shed.

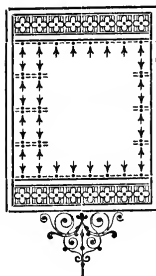
Looking down from exquisitely carved windows, upon a lake embowered in singular beauty, we wondered how any Maharajah should ever have sought another Palace; casting our eyes further afield until they rested on the old city of Amber, with its deserted streets and crumbling temples, all lying so beautifully and so peacefully in the valley, we wondered how the inhabitants should ever have left this home of loveliness. But the East has long been the abode of mystery, and perhaps, in this case, it was wise not to inquire too minutely.

[1] See Plate III.



CHAPTER III.

In the Land of the Five Rivers



FIVE rivers, whose beginnings may be found far up among the snows of the Himalayas, traverse a great upland plain, in the North-West of India, and, after uniting with each other, pour a vast volume of water into the great river Indus. Their names are the Jhelam, the Chenab, the Ravi, the Beas, and the Sutlej. If we take the Chenab as the principal river, and the town of Multan as our point of calculation, it is easy to locate the five. About one hundred miles north of Multan the Jhelam joins the Chenab; about thirty miles north of the same place the Ravi joins the same stream; about fifty miles below Multan the Sutlej joins the Chenab after having previously been augmented by the waters of the Beas; finally, about a hundred miles below Multan the Chenab, with its increased waters, flows into the Indus. In the course of their journey these five rivers carry life and fertility to a district which has appropriately been named Panj-ab, or "Land of the Five Rivers."

In several respects this district constitutes one of the most important Provinces in the whole of India.

Geographically, it occupies the north-west corner of that great land. On the north-west and west it is separated from Afghanistan by the Sulaiman Mountains and the Swat Range; on the south it is bounded by the Province of Rajputana; on the east it is separated from the North-West Provinces by the River Jumna, a tributary of the Ganges; while to the north and north-east it extends far into the Himalayas, and includes, among other valleys, those of Kangra, Kulli, Lahul, and Spiti. *Politically*, the Panjab is of the utmost importance. In addition to including a large British territory, it embraces thirty-two native States. Roughly speaking, it covers a tenth of the whole area of India, and possesses correspondingly a tenth of the population. To all this has to be added the fact that all the gateways from Afghanistan, Kashmir, and Jammu open into this Province. To possess the Panjab, and to efficiently garrison it, is to go far towards securing the defence of India. *Historically*, the Panjab has been to India what the plain of Esdraelon has been to Palestine—the great battle-field of the country. Here in times that are almost pre-historic—certainly two or three thousand years before Christ—were fought the great battles by which the Aryans compelled the Aborigines either to become their hewers of wood and drawers of water, or to flee for their lives to the north and the south. Here, about fifteen hundred years before Christ, was fought the great battle referred to in the "Mahabharat," in which the mythical Pandavas fought against the equally mythical Kauravas; here Alexander the Great, 320 years before Christ, after marching his all-victorious army from Bactria, conquered Porus or Purra, the Rajput king, and, after great slaughter, made

him his vassal. Hither came Seleukos Nikator, the successor of Alexander, to find in the great Hindu monarch, Chandra Gupta, one who was too strong an opponent, and one with whom he was ultimately glad to come to terms. Hither in the seventh century of the Christian era, came the followers of Mohammed, and for ten centuries, during the latter part of which the Moghuls, or Mohammedan rulers, rose into great power, much blood seems to have been shed. From 1718 to about 1818, the Mahrattas fought for the ascendancy; and from 1818 until about 1845 the Sikhs seemed to have triumphed by the sword. In 1849 were fought the two great battles of Chillianwallah and Gujrat, in the latter of which British arms, under General Gough, secured a victory. Finally, in 1857-8, when the Indian Mutiny disturbed the course of British rule, the Panjab saw the most serious outburst at Meerut, and one of the most heroic of struggles on "The Ridge" at Delhi.

India has been rightly called "A land of villages." Of its three hundred million inhabitants only about fifteen millions are found in its cities and towns. All others are settled in villages, with populations ranging from hundreds to thousands. Of the Panjab this is specially true. In the district of Sialkot alone there are no fewer than two thousand three hundred villages, while there are only nine places approaching the dignity of a town.

An account of Panjab village-life, as published by Dr. Youngson, a missionary of thirty years' experience, is full of instruction, and might here be given.

"An ordinary village is a group of flat-roofed houses, built of baked brick, which are so closely packed together that one can walk on the roofs from one end of the village to the other. To protect them from the

rains they are plastered over with a mixture of earth and chopped straw. Outside the village, and surrounding it, are stacks of dried cow-dung used for fuel, stacks of straw and chaff, heaps of manure, weavers' sheds, dairas or rest-houses and places of meeting, Hindu temples, and Mohammedan musjids. Narrow lanes run through the village, one of which, wider than the rest, forms a bazaar, with a few primitive shops. Each family has a separate court-yard, which usually accommodates not only the family but also the cattle; it is not an uncommon thing to see the cattle and their owners herding in the same room.

"It is a mistake to suppose that the people are very dark. The term 'blacks' is quite a misnomer. They are certainly swarthy, but some, especially high-caste Hindus, are as fair as some European nations. They are tall, strong, and brave.

"The ordinary dress of the men is a cloth round the loins, a second round the chest, and flung like a Highlander's plaid over the shoulders, and a third, the turban, which consists of eight or ten yards of cloth coiled round the head in several folds. A pair of shoes completes the attire. The women wear a jacket and skirt, or a jacket and trousers. They are fond of jewellery, and wear nose-rings, ear-rings, anklets, toe-rings, bracelets, and finger-rings, one of which holds a mirror in a silver setting. Perhaps the most becoming ornament of all is a silver coronet worn by Hindus.

"The villagers' clothing is home-made; the cotton is grown by the farmer, spun by the women, and woven by the weavers into cloth, of which clothes are made by the village tailor. Phulkaries, or shawls of coarse cloth, tastefully adorned with silk by the women, are worn on

special occasions. Striking colours are much liked, so that a well-dressed assemblage presents a gay and pleasing appearance.

"The food of the people is mostly grain and vegetables. Meat is a luxury which few can afford, except on days of rejoicing, when a sheep or a kid is killed and distributed. Goat's flesh is preferred to mutton, as the sheep is not regarded with much favour. It is supposed to be rather an unclean animal. There are ordinarily two meals a day, which, except in the case of rich Hindu families, the women cook. The sexes seldom take their meals together.

"Much has been said of the oldest institution in India, namely, the village system. Let us glance at it. A number of villages grouped together form a zail or circle, over which is a *zaildar*. He is elected by the headmen of the circle, and his duty is to see the orders of the Government carried out. The office of village-headman or *lambardar* is hereditary. Every village has one or more of these headmen, who represent the residents or the tribal divisions of the village, and are responsible for the collection of the Government revenue. Besides this duty they also assist in the prevention and detection of crime. In all villages where there are more than one they elect a chief headman out of their number. This headman is *sarpanch* or chairman of the *panchayat* or committee of administration. For their services to the Government the zaildars and headmen are permitted to collect a certain percentage over and above the Government revenue. It must be remembered that from time immemorial the land has belonged to the ruling power, so that the subjects are tenants of the Government. Under the Government,

however, the land tenure assumes many and complex forms."[1]

Into this village life a good deal of missionary work is being carried, and with very significant results. A word or two regarding this, as it came under my own observation, may be added.

Peculiar interest attaches to Sialkot, the oldest and not the least successful of the mission-stations of the Church of Scotland in the Panjab. The story of the origin and early life of this mission is at once interesting and pathetic. Previous to the Indian Mutiny there had served in the Panjab a Captain Murray, whose admiration for the Sikhs, as he had met them both in war and peace, had come to be very high. At his death, he bequeathed a sum of money to his sister, Mrs. Campbell of Lochnell; and as befitting a brother's love for the Sikh, General and Mrs. Campbell made over to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland a sum of about £1500, for the purpose of founding a mission in the Panjab. In 1855, the Foreign Mission Committee resolved to set apart for this work the Rev. Thomas Hunter, and on the 19th of July of that year ordained him in St. Andrew's Parish Church, Edinburgh, as the first missionary of the Church of Scotland in the Panjab. Landing with his wife at Bombay, in the end of the same year, he spent some time in educational work in that city, partly because his services as a teacher were urgently needed, and partly with a view to acquiring a knowledge of the life and language of the people of India. Acting upon advice, he ultimately chose Sialkot, in the Panjab, as the scene of his missionary labours, and early in 1857

[1] "Forty Years of the Panjab Mission," pp. 10-12

after three months' hard travel, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter arrived at their destination. Fortunately, as a result of his faithful mission-work in Bombay, Mr. Hunter had been able to take north with him as a co-worker, one of his own converts, Muhammed Ismail. "We go forth in sorrow," says the Rev. Mr. Hunter in his first letter, "bearing with us the precious seed. The sowing may perhaps be *all* our work, we may not in this world be able to point to a single convert, our reaping time in his world may already be over." Strangely ominous were the words. We leave Dr. Lechmere Taylor, a missionary, now working in the Panjab, to tell the sequel.

"For four months all went well, till suddenly the thundercloud of Mutiny which had been hanging over North India, burst in all its fury on the land. In eight weeks the storm of rebellion reached Sialkot. Several officers were murdered, others escaped with their families, only after hairbreadth escapes. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter had decided a few days previously to leave for Lahore, the capital of the province, and twice, for some unexplained reason, had delayed their departure. Now it was too late. The last hours were passed in unimaginable anxiety; no wonder that poor Mrs. Hunter dreamed that they were all massacred. . . .

"Early in the morning of the 9th of July, as they fled for protection to the Fort, they met their end. A ball pierced Mr. Hunter's cheek and lodged in his wife's neck; a jailor's assistant, stopping the carriage, completed the dastardly work with his sword, first slaying the babe in its mother's arms. Their bodies, thrown down the bank at the roadside, were afterwards laid to rest in a garden at the foot of the Fort."[1]

[1] "In the Land of the Five Rivers," pp. 13-14.

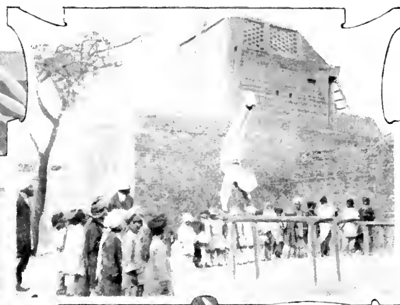
The Mutiny over, it was not unnatural that memorials should be raised by their fellow-countrymen to those who had fallen; nor unfitting, in the case of the Hunters, that the Memorial should take the form of a handsome Church. In and around this building much successful work has been carried on. Two young Glasgow students, John Taylor and Robert Paterson, responded to the Church's call for labourers, and they have been succeeded by a number of faithful missionaries.

My first experience of mission-work in Sialkot was acquired amid somewhat touching conditions. As the guest of the Rev. William and Mrs. Dalgetty, I slept in the very house which had been occupied by the Hunters; I breakfasted on Sunday morning in the very room in which they had passed their last night on earth; I worshipped afterwards in the Church that will ever be associated with their memory.[1]

Looking at the beautiful building and listening to the tones of the Church bell, as we wended our way for worship, I had the feeling that circumstances, connected with the Hunter Memorial Church, were not much different from those which prevail at home. But the East had mingled with the West. There was India with its cactus hedge and groups of men and women, of more or less swarthy countenance, passing reverently to the House of God. The tune to which the first song of praise was sung was the familiar "Old Hundred." The pews in which the worshippers sat, and the pulpit from which an eloquent sermon upon the "Woman of Samaria" was preached, were not at all unlike church furniture at home. Even the collection

[1] See Plate IV.

PLATE IV.

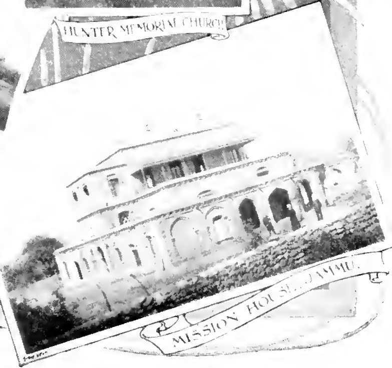


STUDENTS GYMNASIUM, SIALKOT.

HIGH SCHOOL CLASS, SIALKOT.

HUNTER MEMORIAL CHURCH

HOSPITAL, SIALKOT



MISSION HOUSE, JAMMU.

was taken up by two elders. But the congregation included all ages, from the infant in arms up to the venerable old man. The language in which Mr. Dalgetty conducted the service was the language of the Panjabis; even the few words which I had the privilege of addressing to the congregation had to be translated, sentence by sentence, into the same tongue.

A Sunday-School held in Church immediately after the close of the morning service was significant. It included nearly all who had been present at the morning service; it showed classes whose members varied in age from three to eighty years. The native elders led in prayer; and as indicating something of the nature of the missionary's work, it is interesting to note that the teaching given in the Sunday-School was from a lesson which Mr. Dalgetty had imparted to the teachers on the previous Saturday afternoon.

A walk with Mr. Dalgetty through the Mission compound revealed something of the methods by which Mission-work is being carried on. An Indian Christian village composed entirely of humble mud-houses was being erected for the benefit of those native Christians who find it difficult to live the Christian life amid the temptations of heathendom. An old hospital was being used as a school. A more modern hospital[1] had been built, and was being maintained by the Aberdeen Auxiliary of the Women's Association for Foreign Missions. Most striking of all was the building under whose roof Mrs. Black, a devoted missionary, cares for about forty girls, nearly all of whom had been rescued from the ravages of plague and famine.

A drive with Mr. Dalgetty to two large villages sup-

[1] See Plate IV.

plied much interesting information. The journey was made by a branch of the Great Trunk Road, a well-constructed, macadamised way, running from Calcutta to Peshawar, in the north-west of India, and laid down mainly for military and civilising purposes. Both villages lay not very far from this, but had to be approached by somewhat rough tracks. The population of the first village, Naul, amounted to several hundreds, that of the second, Uggoki, to several thousands. On approaching Naul we were met by a number of native Christians, who led us to the open court of one of their houses, and placed a bed as a seat, from which the missionary might impart his instruction. A very simple service, consisting of praise, prayer, and teaching, seemed to be highly appreciated. Very interesting it was to watch the congregation, not a few of whom, while standing or sitting on the tops of their clay-built dwellings, repeatedly asked questions. On approaching Uggoki, we were met by a larger number of native Christians, and escorted somewhat further round the outskirts of the village until we reached a very primitive, barn-looking building that was evidently being used as a Christian Church. The service was exceedingly simple. As showing the poverty of the people, part of the collection was taken in grain; in nearly every case where a coin had been put in the collecting-box its value would not be much greater than a farthing. The service closed with rewards to the Sunday-School children, the prizes in each case consisting of articles of clothing. The congregation, it ought to be said, completely filled the Church, but a very much larger audience had assembled outside the open doors and windows. In both of these villages it was

noticeable that caste determined the arrangement of the population, the lower castes being located either on the outer walls or on the outskirts of the village. In both cases it was also noticeable that an accumulation of water had gathered in a pond in the centre of the village. As we remembered that this had remained since the rainy season, or for a period of several months, we were not surprised at its dirty, polluted appearance; we could also understand the secret of the plague which so often prevails in such villages.

Part of the Sunday evening was spent among the soldiers. Sialkot is a great military centre, and for Presbyterian troops the missionary oftentimes conducts service.

On Monday, 13th February, a railway journey of about two hours' duration, brought us to Jammu. We were anxious to visit this place, partly because mission-work had only been carried on there for a few years, but mainly because the missionary at this station, the Rev. Dr. Youngson, is one of the veteran missionaries of the Church of Scotland. A more detailed account of this visit falls to be given in another chapter.

On Monday evening we were back in Sialkot. On Tuesday forenoon we had the pleasure of seeing something of the town itself, and of the College and High School as conducted by the Rev. George Waugh. In the College, students[1] are being prepared for Degree Examinations of the Panjab University; and, as showing the difficulty, as well as the nature of the work, they are being taught five languages—English, Persian,

[1] See Plate IV.

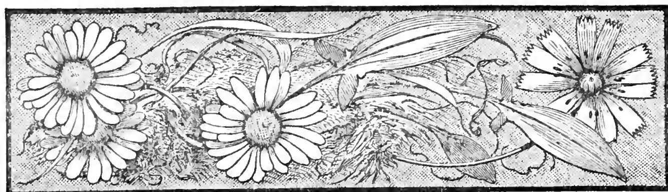
Arabic, Urdu, and Sanskrit. A study of these pupils as I saw them, both in their school and in their gymnasium,[1] revealed a most intelligent class of young men. We were told that before long they would be the professional men of the district; and although many of them would leave this Institution without professing to be Christians, we had the feeling that the Scripture lesson given to them each day, as a part of their curriculum, could not but have an influence for good upon their future.

On Tuesday afternoon we left for Gujrat, another of the older and more important mission stations of the Panjab. The town is fairly large, and the mission-house and compound, as in the case of Sialkot, are on the outskirts. The missionary at this station is the Rev. R. M'Cheyne Paterson, son of Mr. Paterson who took up the work that had been laid down so tragically by Mr. Hunter in Sialkot. With the help of a number of native workers and the two lady doctors of the Dow Memorial Hospital, a very extensive missionary work—evangelistic, educational, medical and industrial—is being carried on. In addition to the happiness which is always to be found in meeting Mr. Paterson, with all his enthusiasm and brightness, it was a great pleasure to meet Didar Singh, one of the earliest, if not actually *the* earliest, of converts from the ranks of the Sikhs, and to know of the noble, self-denying work he is doing in the way of educating, as carpenters and weavers, young lads whom the famine has left upon the hands of the Mission.

Our stay at Gujrat was all too short, and for several reasons we had to leave Daska, Jalalpur, Wazirabad, and Shadiwal unvisited. We had seen enough to con-

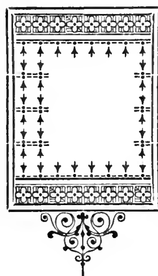
[1] See Plate IV.

vince us that work such as the missionaries of the Church of Scotland are carrying on, in common with others in the Panjab, is work that will not only tell for good in the lives of the Panjabis, but help to fulfil the responsibility which Great Britain must ever feel in possessing so vast a territory and in ruling over so many people. By means of the school and the hospital, the Church and the workshop, influences are being brought to bear upon the mind and the heart of a people, who, when they come to respond to them in anything like a large degree, will, according to the expectation of those who know the Sikh and the Panjabi best, prove themselves not unworthy of all that is now being done for them.



CHAPTER IV.

Among the Western Himalayas



T is not generally known that two most interesting mission stations are situated among the Western Himalayas. Readers of the missionary literature of the Church of Scotland are perhaps familiar with Darjeeling and Kalimpong, — stations among the Eastern Himalayas—and with Poona, Sialkot, Gujrat, Wazirabad, Jalalpur, and Daska in the lowlands; but of Jammu, situated on the crest of one of the lowest ranges of the Western Himalayas, and of Chamba, nestling in the beautiful valley of the Ravi, not so much has been written. Both cities are capitals of native States. At least one chapter of this book may be devoted to them.

Jammu, the capital of a native State of the same name, also the political capital of the large territory of Kashmir, is a city of over 60,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded by a strong wall and guarded by a massive fort. Entrance to it is gained through a somewhat imposing gateway, close beside which stands a native guard ready to demand of any stranger the purpose for which he enters. Seen from afar, with the morning sun shining upon the uniformly-shaped spires of many

Hindu temples, and with the dark background of the mountains throwing these spires into somewhat bolder relief, the city of Jammu presents an impressive appearance.

Geographically the city lies about thirty miles to the north-east of Sialkot, and may be reached either by road or rail. In our case the journey was made by railway to a station about a mile from the city. From this we were borne on the back of an elephant through the waters of the river Tavi, and afterwards up by a well-paved road to the mission-house of the Church of Scotland. By means of a beautiful suspension bridge, thrown across the Tavi, our destination could have been more easily reached ; but, with a view of giving us some idea of the ancient method of approach to Jammu, the Rev. Dr. Youngson, missionary in charge of the station, had procured for us a stately elephant. It scarcely tended to mental composure to find that immediately after we had seated ourselves in the howdah of the elephant, the engine-driver of the train by which we had travelled, either from the necessities of his work, or from a desire to see something amusing, repeatedly blew the whistle of his engine, and alarmed the great animal to such an extent that the first stage of his journey was accomplished with a half-dance, half-trot. Fortunately the cooling waters of the Tavi had a better effect upon his feelings.

A day spent in Jammu, under the guidance of Dr. Youngson, sufficed to shew how Indian was the city. Groups of temples dedicated to the worship of Vishnu, fakirs or " holy men " seated at nearly every prominent place, sacred bulls licking blocks of red rock-salt into curious shapes, revealed a city permeated through and

through by one of India's greatest religious systems. Narrow streets crowded with Oriental bazaars, gaily dressed inhabitants with the haughty look of high-born Rajputs, royal elephants passing with heavy gait along the streets, countless paroquets chattering among the trees, and above all the massive palace of a Maharajah dominating the city, presented a picture such as Indian life alone can furnish.

The mission-house of Jammu[1] is a very attractive structure, and occupies a very commanding position. Behind both of these facts lies a very interesting explanation. For many years Jammu persistently closed its gates against the Christian teacher. It is recorded that one who attempted to evangelize it in earlier days was made a prisoner. Nothing daunted, the Panjab missionaries laboured on and prayed on, in the hope that one day the doors *would* open. An interview with the Maharajah was secured through the kindness of Colonel Parry Nisbet, the British Resident in Jammu, and sometime afterwards, when hope of an entrance had nearly vanished, not only was permission to carry on Christian work granted, but the beautiful site upon which the mission-house now stands was gifted to the mission.

For a few years mission-work of an educational and evangelistic nature has quietly proceeded. Already signs of its effects upon a city once "wholly given to idolatry" are being felt. We had the pleasure of seeing some of the schools, and noting the faithful work which is being done in them.

The story of mission-work in Chamba goes much further back. Its beginnings have about them almost

[1] See Plate IV.

an element of romance. In the course of Foreign Mission day in the General Assembly of 1900, many members were surprised to find an old man of venerable appearance, and intense earnestness, pleading with the General Assembly to allow him to go back to Chamba that he might spend the remainder of his days in a place, and among a people, he had loved much. The speaker was the Rev. William Ferguson. As a young chaplain in Her late Majesty's army, he had served in the Crimea, and afterwards marched with the 79th Highlanders to the relief of Lucknow. As a missionary he had laid in the most effective way the foundation of the present mission in Chamba. In his eightieth year there had come upon him an intense desire to go back to the scene of his earlier missionary labours. Perhaps the fuller story of his connection with Chamba may not lack interest.

Mr. Ferguson had attended a Missionary Conference at Lahore, in 1863, and realizing the need of the missionary in India, had resolved to give up his chaplaincy, and devote himself to missionary work. A sphere of labour was not long in opening up. Mrs. Prinsep, wife of the Settlement Commissioner of the Panjab, had long been urging the missionary claims of Dalhousie and Chamba. Mr. Ferguson saw the force of these claims, and wrote to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland offering his services for this work, not asking any pecuniary support, but simply seeking to be allowed to labour under the auspices of the Church of Scotland. For some reason or another his offer was not accepted. In no way discouraged, Mr. Ferguson started an independent mission. On October 20th, 1863, he began work with the help of only two native

Christians. His methods were certainly unique. We allow his own words to describe the beginning:—"On the 1st of November, just ten days after our arrival, we three formed ourselves in single marching order about thirty paces apart, each with the Book in hand, I in the pulpit gown. We were all to deliver the same words in different languages—English, Urdu, and Hindi; the English meant as a trumpet call to attention, and the others to be 'understanded of the people.'" Later on, for the proclamation of the Gospel in the valleys around Chamba, he made use of a trumpet whose sounds could be heard on the opposite sides of the valleys. Believing that it would be well to accommodate his methods of work as far as possible to Indian life, he modelled many of his Christian rites upon local customs. Some have thought that in this he made a mistake. There can be no question that he succeeded in commending the Gospel of Christ to the Rajah and the people of Chamba. During the ten years of his faithful ministry he had the joy of baptizing one hundred and thirty persons.

On leaving Chamba, Mr. Ferguson handed over the mission with much valuable property to the Church of Scotland. Since then the Station, with the exception of ten years, has been presided over with the most beneficent results by a medical missionary—Dr. John Hutchison.

I had been told that the journey to Chamba was a long and exacting one. For the sake of Dr. Hutchison and his work I resolved to risk it.

On the evening of Wednesday, 15th February, I arrived by train at Pathancote. Sleeping accommodation was obtained in the waiting room of the railway

station. By four o'clock in the morning I awoke and bundled up my extemporised bedding, part of which, I ought to say, was the comfortable rug presented to me by the ladies of St. Andrew's Church, on the evening previous to my departure for India. By five o'clock I had partaken of the meal known in India as *chhoti haziri* —"the little breakfast"—and was ready to mount the tonga in which I was to drive for 28 miles. The morning air was bitterly cold, and, as it was yet two hours until sunrise, it was very dark. What sort of conveyance I had mounted I could not tell. The tonga driver and his clever pair of ponies seemed to feel no need of any lamp. A kindly word from the driver to his horses and a loud clicking sound produced evidently from the roof of his mouth, started the ponies at a very smart trot. Whatever the nature of the conveyance, and whatever the way in which the ponies had been yoked to it, a heavy pole passing from the body of the tonga between the ponies as far as their saddles kept up a continuous clank. When we had gone about a mile the driver, seated at my side, put a bugle to his mouth and sounded a somewhat musical blast. About two miles further on this was repeated. For a third time the horn was blown, and at a five mile station the ponies were changed. With a fresh pair, on we went into the darkness at a very rapid pace. Our second stage was practically a repetition of the first, the clang of the tonga pole, the quick patter of the ponies' feet, the peculiar sound from the roof of the driver's mouth, and a thrice-repeated blast of the bugle, all served to invest a first experience of a tonga ride with unique interest.

By the time we had covered our second stage the level part of our road had been traversed, and, with the

aid of the sun rising in beauty, we could see that we were about to enter the lower Himalayan valleys. A look at the tonga, at our second changing station, revealed a conveyance entirely unlike anything I had ever seen. Resting upon two wheels, and set only about a foot above the ground, it looked like a dog-cart with a covering above it, open behind and before.[1] The harness of the horses was of the simplest description. A bridle and saddle seemed to be the only parts. An iron rod, running at right angles to the tonga-pole, and fitting into huge saddles on the back of the ponies, seemed to be the principal arrangement for drawing the vehicle. The evident advantage of all this was the ease and, of course, rapidity with which ponies could be changed.

With the increasing light of day the tonga and its novelties were soon forgotten. Far away on the horizon rose peak after peak clad in dazzling white. Close at hand were the hills and the valleys of lower elevations. Up and down alongside of the hills wended the road to Dunera as it could best find a path. Turns in the road came in quick succession. With almost kaleidoscopic effect valley after valley, with well-cultivated patches of land, and hill after hill, with trees of several kinds dotted here and there, presented an appearance not all unlike the most beautiful parts of our own Scottish Highlands. Even the usual flat-roofed mud-hut of the Indian had given place to what looked like thatched cottages.

A seventh change of ponies brought us to Dunera. By 10.30 we had partaken of an excellent breakfast in a dak-bungalow (or, house of rest), and were again ready

[1] See Plate I.

for our journey to Bunniket, a place nineteen miles distant. Owing to the increased steepness and narrowness of the roads beyond Dunera, the tonga gave place to a rickshaw.[1] Imagine a huge two-wheeled perambulator, drawn by two coolies in front and pushed by two coolies behind, and you can have some idea of our next conveyance. Beyond Dunera the road winds with very steep ascent for several miles, and the pace of the rickshaw was necessarily slow; but the moment the road took a downward direction our coolies gave us some idea of the speed at which a rickshaw can go. With marvellous dexterity the swiftly-appearing bends of the road were manœuvred, a speed of not less than seven miles an hour being oftentimes attained. For the greater part of the way the ascent was such as to permit of only a walking pace. Within a few miles of Bunniket the progress was even slower. We were now among the snow which had seemed so beautiful from a distance; and, to increase our difficulty, fresh snow began to fall. For the last two or three miles we had to walk, leaving the rickshawmen to drag their vehicles through fully a foot of snow.

By about 4.30 p.m. we reached Bunniket and parted with our rickshawmen, only to find our difficulties increasing. Our aim for the night had been to reach a dak-bungalow at Batri, five miles farther on. From Bunniket to Batri the road is not good at any time, and it had been arranged that the gentlemen of the party should walk this distance, while a lady of our party should be carried by four coolies in a conveyance called a dandy. Some difficulty was experienced in getting men to carry the dandy. Even when

[1] See Plate I.

this had been overcome the road proved so bad that it took us four hours to travel the distance. At one part of the road darkness came upon us, and not until the bearers of the dandy had secured a lamp could we proceed.

By 8.30 p.m. the dak-bungalow of Batri[1] was reached. Tenantless, almost furnitureless, there was not much in this place of rest to cheer cold and hungry, wet and weary, travellers. Fortunately, Dr. Hutchison had sent his servants there with food and bedding. We lighted as many fires as possible, dried our clothes as best we could, and endeavoured, with the help of the Doctor's kindness, to pass the night.

Next morning the outlook was far from cheerful.[2] We had still fifteen miles to travel; the mountains were enveloped in mist, and snow still threatened to fall. Sometimes we thought of return, but that was impossible. To help us to make the journey, Dr. Hutchison had secured hill ponies from the Rajah of Chamba. Mounted upon these we set out. The road we found to be narrow and oftentimes very steep.[3] For the greater part of the way it was simply a track cut out of the rough mountain side. Had it not been for the surefootedness and experience of our ponies it would have been decidedly dangerous. When we had accomplished four miles of our journey, we rested in the dak-bungalow of Chil. Immediately after we had left this, Dr. Hutchison met us.

It seemed as if our good angel had come. The whole aspect of our journey changed. The mist lifted from the mountains; the sun shone out with special brightness; almost of a sudden it looked as if a curtain

[1] See Plate V. [2] See Plate V. [3] See Plate V.

PLATE V.

ENTRANCE GATEWAY CHAMBA.

AMONG THE W. HIMALAYAS.

A DAK BUNGALOW

AMONG THE SNOWS

A HINDU SHRINE.

had been drawn aside that we might see a series of most beautiful pictures. We were treading a path of about 6000 feet above sea level, but beyond us were mountains rising to a height of 19,000 feet, valley after valley seeming to vie with each other in natural beauty.

The descent from Chil to Chamba is gradual. From having to wade through three or four feet of snow, we soon found ourselves away from the snow line. At point after point we paused to look upon scenery grander than even that of Switzerland, and to listen to the interesting account Dr. Hutchison had to give of this or that valley.[1]

About two miles before we reached Chamba a gladdening sight presented itself to us. We saw the mission buildings of the Church of Scotland standing upon one of the most prominent positions in the city. By six o'clock we were crossing the suspension bridge which spans the Ravi. Shortly afterwards we ascended the steep road which leads to Chamba, passed through the picturesque gateway, and received, at the Mission House, a welcome which more than repaid us for the long and trying experiences through which we had passed.

Next morning we began to realise something of the work and the worth of this mission. By the time we had finished breakfast Dr. Hutchison's out-door patients were gathering at the door of his dispensary.[3] The first sight which met us was that of a group of people gathered around a man who was evidently speaking to them. A native Christian was telling the gospel story to those who had come for the Doctor's advice. His patients having been attended to, Dr. Hutchison was free to take us to see some of the Mission Schools. In

1 See Plate V, 2 See Plate V, 3 See Plate VI,

succession we visited a Mohammedan girls' school, taught by Miss Marmion; a low-caste school, taught by a native teacher and his wife;[1] and the main boys' school, taught in seven or eight classes by several native teachers. In all these very good work seemed to be done.

After leaving the last-mentioned school we paid a visit to the State Hospital, the native doctor of which, Burkhardar Khan, is a most pronounced Christian. As an evidence of the practical side of his Christian life, it may be mentioned that he has built a house, in a village three miles from Chamba, where he believes good mission work may be done; and this house he is ready to present to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland if they will send missionaries to occupy it. The State Hospital, as managed by him, is a model of beauty and efficiency. I am glad to be able to give a picture of the hospital and its doctor.[2]

The remaining part of the forenoon was spent in visiting a few of the many Hindu Temples in the city.

In the afternoon, Dr. Hutchison, Mr. Kilgour, and I made a visit which will long be remembered. Having learned that two of Dr. Hutchison's friends were about to visit him, the Rajah of Chamba had written a kind note to the Doctor asking us to call at the Palace at three o'clock. On doing so, the Rajah met us at the door, conducted us to one of his apartments, and, conversed most pleasantly with us. For Dr. Hutchison he has an unmistakable regard. And, it is not without significance that, in the course of conversation, he asked me to convey to those at home his thanks for the good work which the Church of Scotland's mission is doing among his people.

[1] See Plate VI. [2] See Plate VI.

PLATE VI

NATIVE HOSPITAL & DOCTOR, CHAMBA.

CHAMBA.

PATIENTS WAITING FOR DOCTOR, CHAMBA.

MISSION BUILDINGS, CHAMBA.

LOW CASTE SCHOOL CHAMBA.

During the course of the day we paid one or two visits to the beautiful church[1] which the late Rajah,—the brother of the present ruler,—had built entirely at his own expense and presented to the Church of Scotland. In the evening we saw something of Hindu worship.[2]

Interesting as had been this day's experiences, those of Sunday, the following day, were even more so. About nine o'clock in the forenoon a service was held in the language of the people of Chamba—a dialect of Urdu. As the church was not quite finished, worship took place in the dining-room of the mission-house. A goodly number of people had assembled for this, mostly Christians, but in several instances Mohammedans. The service was conducted almost wholly by Dr. Hutchison. Mr. Kilgour and I had, however, the privilege of saying a few words—mine unfortunately requiring to be interpreted by Dr. Hutchison. A more earnest and appreciative congregation it would have been difficult to have found.

After service, Dr. Hutchison and I visited the Leper Hospital, the first of the kind opened in India. The doctor of the State Hospital was also present. For the patients a very touching service was conducted by Dr. Hutchison, while the native doctor offered prayer. The singing, led by one of the patients, was very hearty, and even a collection was taken. Out of a state allowance for their maintenance, amounting to about 3s per month, the patients nearly all gave a coin equal to a farthing. Each month they thus give a penny out of their small allowance for food and clothing.

In the afternoon I conducted a very simple Communion Service for the English-speaking portion of the

1 See Plate VI. 2 See Chapter VII.

community, and all native Christians who cared to attend. The dining-room of the mission-house was again well filled, a few Mohammedans also being present although not to partake of the Communion. A more reverent or touching Communion Service I never conducted. I afterwards learned that I had been the first minister from home, in the nearly fifty years' history of the mission, who had conducted a service for them on a Sunday. With the knowledge of this I realised how significant were the words of thanks repeatedly given. For the opportunity thus afforded me of helping and encouraging such an earnest body of Christians, I felt that my long and somewhat exacting journey had not been too much to pay.

The afternoon and evening of this day were mostly spent in visiting Christians in their homes. In this way I came to learn how deep and strong is the structure of Christian life at present being reared by a man like Dr. Hutchison, and workers like Miss Brown, Miss Marmion, and Miss Kidley, the ladies of this mission.

By Monday morning we were preparing for our return journey. The Rajah, who had called twice unsuccessfully, on the Sunday, to return our visit, again called for us about nine o'clock. After this I had time to pay only a hurried visit to a Hindu school, and to learn that the pupils were insisting upon having a holiday because of an eclipse of the moon! By ten o'clock we had mounted our ponies. Accompanied by Dr. Hutchison, we started on our journey. The native doctor and several of the Christians bade us very hearty God-speed. With the sun shining beautifully upon us, we accomplished the journey as far as Batri under very pleasant circumstances. As if to compensate for what

we had experienced in going to Chamba, the conditions of travel had now completely changed. The snow had to a large extent disappeared, and there was little to interrupt our journey. Even a night in the bungalow, which I have already described, was distinctly enjoyable. At Bunniket we parted with Dr. Hutchison, never to forget his kindness and earnest Christian character. Before long we were again in rickshaws rattling at great speed down the mountain road towards Dunera. From Dunera to Pathancote we had another experience of the tonga, and by seven o'clock we felt that we had finished a most exciting, but also a most pleasurable trip.

But what of the mission-work which has been for so long carried on in Chamba? For nearly fifty years the influences of the Gospel of Christ have been brought to bear upon the city. We not unnaturally ask what the results have been? Numerically the Church of Christ in Chamba does not seem very strong. Its members do not amount to many hundreds. Much more significant is the fact that the worship of Kali—the goddess to whom most of the temples in Chamba are sacred—is now largely confined to merely mechanical routine on the part of the priests. The people as a body have ceased to have anything like a vital interest in it. Over the late Rajah it had practically very little hold, and over the present ruler it seems to have just as little. We should not at all be surprised to find, before many years, that Christianity has come to be recognized, alike by Rajah and people, as *the* one true religion. Silently, but surely, the ministry of devoted missionaries of the type of William Ferguson and Dr. John Hutchison has been telling. "Without observation," it may be, but

not without grounds for a large measure of hopefulness, "the Kingdom of God is coming."

Nor is the work confined to the city. The whole State of Chamba, if not far beyond it, has been claimed as a field for Christian effort. Summer by summer Dr. Hutchison travels far up among the valleys and over snowy passes, his one aim being to give to body and mind the benefit of the Gospel. Amid magnificent scenery, but oftentimes by the most difficult and dangerous routes, his pathway lies. In not a few instances he has been the only medical man who has ever entered the houses of the inhabitants, and in many more he has been the most beneficent visitor who has ever crossed their threshold. From his own lips I have learned that he has travelled in the course of his journeyings no fewer than 20,000 miles; and from his reports I gather that he has ascended passes fully 17,000 feet high. No more pleasant hours have I ever spent than in listening to accounts of some of the exciting adventures which the Doctor has experienced, or in hearing from his own lips of the perilous journeys which he has undertaken.

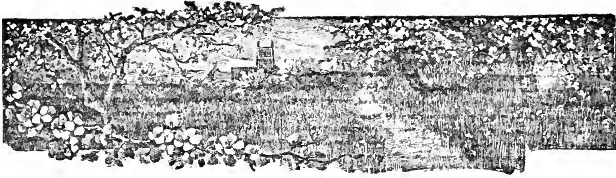
With characteristic modesty the missionary speaks of the mountain people for whom he has worked. "They are a simple race, remarkably tractable and docile. Their religion is a degraded serpent and demon worship, with a general acknowledgment of the Hindu gods. Their minds are very dark, and while at times they seem really to grasp the thought that an idol of wood or stone is and can be nothing, yet the fear of the idol is a very dread reality to them. Benefits of any kind they do not look for; their gods are wholly malevolent, and potent only for evil; and it is this evil to them-

selves they dread. One longs to bring them into the experience of a larger and higher life in Christ, and yet how little we have done and can do for them! Little it may seem to those who do it; but what greater honour than to deserve the verdict, 'He hath done what he could'?"

With vivid detail he also describes one of his mountain journeys:—"We encamped on a pretty, open plain at 12,000 feet, and I had a pleasant time in the evening with our coolies, who were much interested. Next morning we began the ascent of the pass, but it was very steep, and took us till late in the afternoon to get up to 15,000 feet, where we passed the night in a cave. It was very cold with the snow all around us, and the sound of the avalanches went on all night long. We were up and on our road again by daylight, for there was still a heavy climb to do, the pass being 17,400 feet high. Near the top we came upon an immense snow-field, several miles across. By two o'clock in the afternoon we were all on the top, and then the descent began. It was steep and rapid, more so than was pleasant, for a slip would have sent us flying down to the bottom. By and by we reached easier ground, and then we moved on rapidly over the glaciers for many miles, till at four o'clock we reached a cave where we could spend the night. We were still 15,000 feet high, with enormous glaciers all around us, and there was no firewood, as we were still far above the tree-line. But every one was tired, and although we had eaten almost nothing since morning, we were glad to wrap ourselves up and go to rest. I woke up at midnight. The scene around us was very weird and awe-inspiring. Near me lay the servants and coolies wrapped in slumber. The

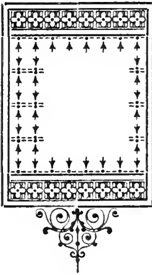
bright stars shone overhead in a clear sky, and though there was no moon I could see the outline of the snowy mountains just above us. Later in the night the moon came out, and added to the weirdness and sublimity of the scene. All night long the avalanches kept falling with a roar like thunder. It was a strange experience, and filled one with very solemn thoughts."

These are not the conditions which we generally associate with missionary work. Perils and difficulties of a very different kind fall to the lot of the majority of missionaries. In the face of experiences like these, we feel that the heroism of the mission-field is to be found amid biting cold as well as oppressive heat; on the dangerous mountain side, as well as on the unhealthy malarial plain.



CHAPTER V.

Among the Eastern Himalayas



o pass from the Western to the Eastern Himalayas means much more than a direct journey from West to East. It necessitated, in my case, a return to the plains, a long railway journey to Calcutta, and another long journey from Calcutta to Darjeeling. In passing through the plains to Calcutta, I had the privilege of seeing something of Amritzar, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Benares. Of these I shall speak in a subsequent chapter. Meanwhile I start my description of my visit to the Eastern Himalayas by saying something of the railway journey from Calcutta to Darjeeling.

The journey is no ordinary one, involving as it does an experience of three railways, each of a different gauge, and a passage in a steamboat across the Ganges. We scarcely require to say that it means passing through scenery of the most varied kind.

Leaving Sealdah Railway Station, Calcutta, on the afternoon of Monday, 24th February, we were brought by a broad gauge railway to Lamukdia Ghat, on the banks of the Ganges. The country passed through was

decidedly interesting. It gave me my first view of the India which I had pictured to myself long before visiting it. Villages, composed mostly of thatch-covered houses, and surrounded by feathery palms, luxuriant trees, of which the bamboo was ever the most in evidence, fields in which the soil was being turned up by patient oxen yoked to a very primitive plough, met the eye, no matter upon which side of the railway the gaze happened to be turned. Something of a variety was furnished by huge chimney stalks, for a considerable distance outside Calcutta, all telling how greatly the jute industry is now being extended on the banks of the Hooghly.

By the time Lamukdia Ghat had been reached, darkness had fallen upon us; but with the aid of powerful electric lights for the facilitating of the railway traffic, we could see that the railway terminus on the banks of the Ganges was a very movable affair. It seems that the river is constantly changing its course, and with its change the terminus of the railway has frequently to be altered.

A very short time sufficed to transfer passengers and luggage from the train to a steamer waiting to take them across the Ganges to Sara Ghat. The river, at this part, is about half a mile wide; but the passage being at a considerable angle, about twenty-five minutes were occupied in crossing. A powerful searchlight in front of the steamer helped "The Crocodile" to find its way, and revealed multitudes of fire-flies hovering over the water. Meanwhile the passengers on board quietly partook of their evening meal.

On arriving at Sara Ghat, passengers and luggage were soon transferred to a train ready to carry them to Siliguri. The journey was now to be made by

a metre-gauge railway. With some difficulty suitable sleeping berths were found, but once safely located in these, we had simply to allow the train to roll on into the darkness, believing that by about 7 a.m. next day Siliguri would be reached.

A wait of about an hour at Siliguri, and an excellent breakfast in the Railway Refreshment Rooms, prepared us for the final stage of our journey. Something like a smile passed over me when I found that the gauge of our next railway was only about two feet, and that the engine and carriages were correspondingly small. When we remembered that the little engine and train had to make an ascent of fully 7000 feet before Darjeeling could be reached, and that the weight of each engine is about ten tons, we felt that the railway and its rolling stock were more than toys. Most of the carriages I found to be like open tramway cars. This construction certainly proved the best for viewing the magnificent mountain scenery to be found in the course of the journey.

For the first few miles the railway passes through a very jungly part, and does not rise many feet. We were scarcely surprised to learn that the district is a haunt of the tiger and the cheetah; nor to find near one of the earlier stations, at which we stopped, a trap which had been set for the capture of wild animals. More unexpected was the sight of several tea-gardens that had evidently been abandoned, not because of the dangers of the district, but because either soil or climate had proved unsuitable for producing tea of anything like a saleable quality. Beyond this part of the journey the railway rises very rapidly. In the course of fifty miles it reaches a height of 7000 feet. Thrice at least its ascent has to

be accomplished by what are known as loops, the railway practically becoming spiral. At other places the method of ascent is by what are called reverses, the railway zig-zagging up the mountain side. In one place, owing to frequent landslips, it was evident that the course of the railway had been frequently changed. All along the route we could see that the road had been engineered with great skill. What struck me most of all was the ever increasing beauty of the panorama which gradually came into view. Passing, to begin with, through beautifully wooded parts, we felt that an entirely unknown speaker was correct when, from behind our seat, came the words, "All this might have been a bit of Perthshire." Entering, a little later on, the region of the tea-gardens, we could hardly imagine a more delightful place in which to live and work. Nearing the region of snow, the eye rested upon mountain and valley, whose grandeur it would be almost impossible to forget. Sometimes on the mountain side rested a fleecy-white cloud; sometimes the peak of a great mountain was shrouded in mist. To obscure in such cases was occasionally to increase effect. To hide a sublime height was now and again to relieve the monotony of the mountain.

Somewhat strange it seemed, during the course of the upward journey, to find the majority of the passengers leaving their seats in their carriages at some of the stations, perambulating the platform for the whole time during which the train waited, and calmly seating themselves in the carriages again after the train had resumed its journey. Only the slow course of the train, and the low step of the carriage, could have permitted this. It certainly gave a very pleasant variety

to the journey, and in several instances enabled native boys and girls to sell the plants, and more especially the orchids, which they had gathered in the adjoining woods.[1]

Not far from the highest part of the route is Kurseong. Fortunately the train made a stay of some duration at this station. We were thus enabled to meet the Rev. A. P. S. Tulloch and several of the lady missionaries who are working in this district, also to see the beautiful little mission church which has been erected in the village. It was not unnatural that Mr. Kilgour should be deeply interested in all that we saw. The church was one that had been built before his furlough, from plans which he had himself prepared, and erected to a very large extent under his personal, almost daily supervision.

A descent of about 1000 feet brought us to Darjeeling. As we passed station after station there was no mistaking the gladness with which Mr. Kilgour's return to his work was being received. The school-children at several places had turned out to see him pass, and to sing if not otherwise to express their "salaams." His progress from the railway station at Darjeeling to the mission-house was little short of a triumphal procession. To crown all, a hymn composed for the occasion and beautifully sung by a band of young people assembled outside his church, completed a welcome back that could have been given only to one who had thoroughly deserved it.

Darjeeling has been for some time regarded as the most important sanatorium of Bengal. It is situated upon a mountain ridge about 7000 feet above the valley

[1] See Plate VII.

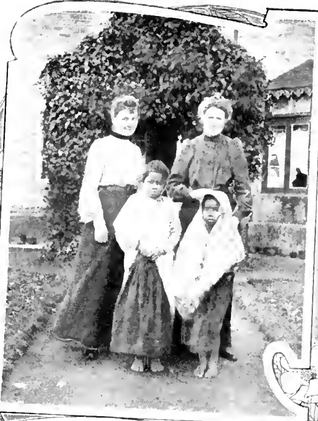
of Great Rungeet River, and is to a large extent made up of pretty bungalows and villas, scattered all over the mountain sides. Although there is a native element in the population, the number of European residents deprive it very much of the nature of an Indian town. Save for the principal bazaar which runs through the centre of the town, and which on Sunday is thronged by Lepchas, Bhutias, Thibetans, and Nepalese, evidence of a native element is not very strong. St. Columba's Church, of which the Rev. R. Kilgour is minister, serves far more the purpose of a Presbyterian place of worship than that of a distinctly mission building.

As a centre of mission-work Darjeeling is of great importance. In its schools are taught young Nepalese, who carry the benefits of their instruction into the surrounding districts. In its gatherings of native pastors, teachers, and catechists, as presided over by the missionary, are to be found the inspiration of a very wide missionary effort. My first day in Darjeeling served to give me some idea of the nature of this work. A return journey and a more detailed experience served to confirm earlier impressions.

Mission work, as I saw it in Darjeeling, might be said to gather round four distinct centres. In the Ladies' Boarding House a number of native girls are being cared for, and taught by Miss Goalen and Miss Corbett.[1] Several visits paid to this Institution served to confirm in me the opinion that influences of a very beneficent nature and teaching of a very high order are being brought to bear upon young people who have either been left orphans or placed in positions in which they require special care. It was by no means insignifi-

[1] See Plate VII.

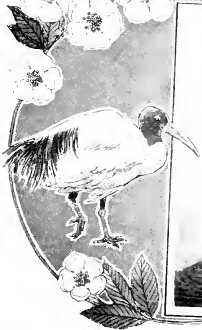
PLATE VII.


TEACHERS & PUPILS, DARJEELING.

NATIVE PASTOR & DAUGHTERS, DARJEELING.

ORCHID SELLERS AT RY. STATION, HIMALAYAN RY.

A PANCHAYAT GROUP, DARJEELING.



A TEA GARDEN, PASHOK.

cant to learn that several of them are being supported by Bible Classes or Sunday Schools connected with congregations in Scotland. In particular, it was a pleasure to meet one who was being maintained by the Young Women's Bible Class of my own Church, and to know that any sums which had been raised for her support had helped to give an opportunity to a very bright and useful life. In St. Columba's Church services are held, Sunday by Sunday, and occasionally during the course of the week, in Nepali, for the benefit of the native Christians. Too high praise can scarcely be given to the intelligent and faithful way in which the native pastor, Ganga Prashad-Prodhan,[1] conducts the service. We were not surprised to learn that he owns a printing press from which he disseminates very high-toned literature, nor to know that he was working with Mr. Kilgour at the translation of the Bible into Nepali. Of a more distinctive nature was Bazaar-preaching, as carried on on Sundays, when one of the principal streets is thronged by peoples belonging to nearly all the hill tribes—Lepchas, Bhutias, Nepalis, Goorkhas, and Thibetans. From a preaching-house, open on three sides, and situated in the very heart of the Bazaar, preaching is carried on for the greater part of the afternoon by Mr. Kilgour and some of the native pastors. Only for a brief time do the majority of the ever-changing congregation remain as listeners either within the building or outside of it. One can understand the feeling of the missionary as he sometimes comes to think that Bazaar-preaching is not the best form of reaching the people ; but while the Gospel is thus being preached to those who would not otherwise hear it, and

[1] See Plate VII.

while even small impressions with regard to Christ are being carried back by these natives to their homes amid the valleys, it may be that seeds have been sown which in God's time and with God's watering will bear fruit. It may also be that desires for a fuller and a more adequate knowledge have been created. Most important of all is the work which has been carried on regularly month by month at the stated meetings of Panchayat or Conference of native pastors, teachers and catechists. For three days at least, Christian workers from their respective stations amid the mountains, assemble under the roof of St. Columba's Church for instruction, business, and prayer. Under the guidance of the senior missionary most profitable times are spent. I had the privilege of attending nearly all the meetings of one of these Panchayats, and in each case could not help being struck with the earnestness, intelligence, and ability of the native Christian workers. From an early hour in the morning until well on in the afternoon, with an occasional meeting in the evening for prayer, these earnest men seem to live for the help which such meetings can give them.

A group of these workers, as I had the privilege of photographing them, shows Lepchas, Nepalis, and Goorkhas.[1] Most of them are of Mongolian caste of countenance: nearly all show signs of character and intelligence.

To mention only these four methods of missionary operation is to seem to forget the mission-house itself, and to lose sight of the beneficent influences which radiate from it. The mission-house abroad is invariably the centre from which every good work proceeds.

[1] See Plate VII.

Nowhere did I find this more evident than in the mission-house of Darjeeling, occupied by the Rev. Robert and Mrs. Kilgour and the Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Duncan.

I am glad to be able to add that since I visited Darjeeling, educational work has been transferred from the Church, part of which had hitherto been used as a school, to a handsome building erected as a memorial to the late Rev. Archibald Turnbull, B.D., one of the earlier Darjeeling missionaries.

With the early morning light of my second day in Darjeeling came a view not soon to be forgotten. Kinchinjunga, rising fully 28,000 feet and clad with pure white snow, stood out prominently from a long snowy range lining the horizon. With the advance of the day, clouds gathered around these distant peaks and entirely hid them from view. It was disappointing, but by no means an unusual occurrence.

By the following morning I was ready for a twenty-five miles' ride to Kalimpong.[1] Having despatched a coolie with luggage, and secured a very hardy, serviceable pony in charge of a "syce" or groom, I started my journey about ten o'clock. The road, somewhat narrow, but ever upward, winds its way until the military cantonments on Jalapahar Hill are reached. Beyond this, the path through the woods for several miles is somewhat level. Farther on, the descent until the River Teesta has to be crossed, is more or less gradual. By steady riding it would have been possible for me to have reached Kalimpong the same evening, but to make my journey somewhat easier it had been arranged that I should pass the night at a tea-planter's bungalow, on the road to the Teesta. At Pashok tea-gardens resides

[1] See Plate I.

a Mr. Lister, whose hospitality to missionaries and their friends has earned for him the name of "the most hospitable man in India." About half-past three o'clock I rode up to his bungalow, to receive a most cordial welcome, and to be treated afterwards with great kindness. In the course of the evening, I had the opportunity of seeing a tea-factory, and of learning something of the process by which the tea-leaf is prepared for the market. Next morning, I had a walk through the tea-gardens,[1] and saw some of the coolies at work.

About ten o'clock I resumed my journey. The path to the River Teesta I found too steep for comfortable riding, and after about an hour and a half's walk I reached the Teesta Bridge. It is needless to say that this pathway, running as it does through well-cultivated tea-gardens, and with most beautiful mountain scenery revealing itself at every turn of the road, afforded the traveller constant delight. One spot, in particular, from which a view of the junction of the Rungeet and the Teesta can be got, deserves special mention.

From the Teesta Bridge the bridle-path leading to Kalimpong is very steep. But a steady, sure-footed mountain pony faces it bravely, and in about two hours a point is reached from which Kalimpong can be seen. On the previous day, some distance above Pashok Bungalow, a bend in the road had revealed Kalimpong Church tower. I remembered that it was at a Perth Conference of the Young Men's Guild that the money for this tower had been raised. As I saw the beautiful landmark I recalled with some degree of satisfaction, if not with pride, the enthusiastic occasion in the Hall of the Working Boys' and Girls' Society, Perth, when over

[1] See Plate VII. [2] See Plate VIII.

£200 was subscribed for this purpose. As I neared the tower, I felt even more pleased with it.

Before my arrival at Kalimpong I was met by a very pleasant company. Mr. Taylor, one of the Church of Scotland missionaries at Kalimpong, and brother of Dr. Taylor, of Perth, was leaving for his furlough. Mr. M'Kean and Mr. Evan M'Kenzie, two of his fellow-missionaries, were accompanying him part of the way. Although far from home among these Himalayan mountains, I at once felt that I was among old friends. It only needed the hearty hand-shake of Dr. and Mrs. Graham, as they met me on my arrival, to intensify this feeling.

Neither time nor space will permit of anything like an adequate description of all that I saw and learned at Kalimpong. From my arrival on Friday afternoon till my departure on Monday morning, I was brought into touch with the multifarious agencies which Dr. Graham and other missionaries carry on so successfully. Friday afternoon and evening were assigned to me for rest. In spite of this I had to climb the tower[1] of the Church for the sake of the prospect from the top, to visit the Charteris Hospital,[2] and to see the large new school in process of erection.

With the early morning of Saturday began a very busy day. By 7.30 a.m. I was taken to the school, where young native lads are being trained for mission service. I was anxious in particular to see the three who are supported by Perth congregations—one by East St. John's, one by Middle St. John's, and one by St. Andrew's. Among the illustrations in this book will be found a picture of these three lads with their native

[1] See Plate VIII. [2] See Plate VIII.

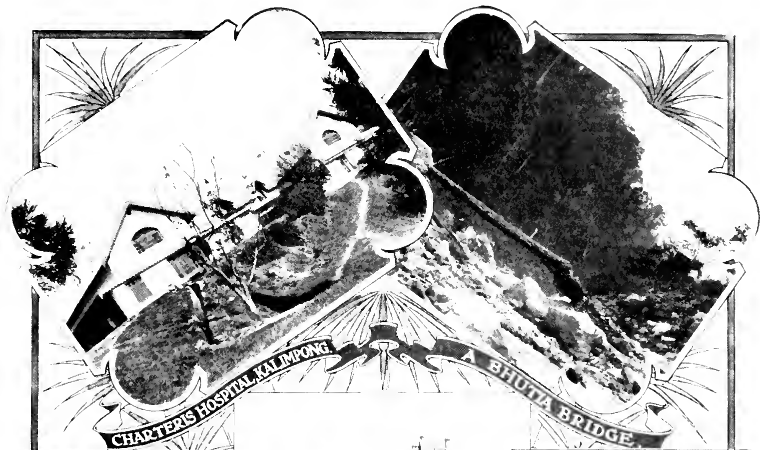
teacher, Lakshman Singh, in front of them.[1] After breakfast I went with Mr. M'Kenzie to see something of his work among Thibetans. We visited a Buddhist monastery, and saw some of the homes of the Thibetans, including a Chinese Inn. By noon, bazaar work was in full swing. In the preaching-station I heard Dr. M'Kaig and some of the native preachers addressing those who either looked in, or came in, at the open doors. Shortly afterwards I heard Mr. M'Kenzie preaching to a number of Thibetans who had gathered around him.[2] Each preacher has clearly the gift of interesting others.

In the course of the afternoon I was taken by Dr. Graham to see the now well known "St. Andrew's Colonial homes." The site is ideal, and the work carried on there of the most important nature. On the gently sloping side of a Himalayan mountain have been built eight cottages. Each of these is capable of affording a home for 20 or 30 Eurasian or European children. At the head of each home is a mother, whose duty it is to educate or train the children into the best of habits of life and work. A large school has been built for their education, and there is also a farm-house as a centre for carrying on agricultural labour. On visiting home after home I was impressed with the cleanliness and order which everywhere prevailed, with the devotion to duty which was manifested by the lady-mothers and their assistants, and, above all, with the happiness of the children.

In the *Magazine of St. Andrews Colonial Homes* for January, 1907, appears a very vivid description of the life which prevails in each of the Homes, the way in which they are being developed, and the prospect which

[1] See Plate VIII. [2] See Plate VIII.

PLATE VIII.



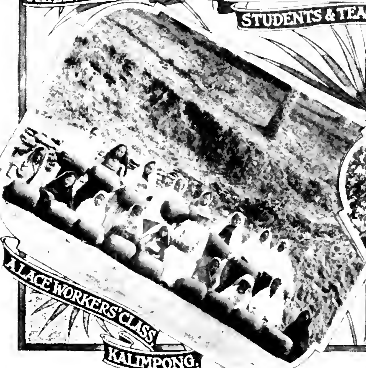
CHARTERIS HOSPITAL, KALIMPONG.

A BHUTIA BRIDGE.

THIBETAN & HILL PONY.

STUDENTS & TEACHER, KALIMPONG.

BUDDHIST PRAYER-WHEEL.



A LACE WORKERS' CLASS KALIMPONG.

A THIBETAN SERVICE, KALIMPONG.

lies before them. We can scarcely do better than repeat the words of the author of the article:—

"Let us pay a visit to one of the cottages. The grounds show signs of care and taste. Inside, the arrangements are those of an English home. The kitchen range and scullery recall to many a visitor the days of youth, and the roomy dormitories are reminiscent of home school days. The spotless cleanliness of every-thing is sure to cause comment. Surely there must be a large staff of servants to produce these effects. 'Not one,' replies the 'mother' or 'auntie' as the assistant house mother is termed. The children, guided by these two ladies, do it all themselves. Had we been here between 6 and 9 a.m. we should have seen every child at his or her appointed task, learning the dignity and value of labour, and being taught to meet the temptation—so hurtful to the Western child of India—of thinking that all such work can only be fitly done by native servants.

"Quiet reigns in the cottage at 9 a.m., when all the children (except the day's kitchen boy or girl) go off to the Central School, where, with an interval for dinner and its attendant duties, they stay till 4 p.m. Play follows for an hour; then tea, and bedtime comes not long thereafter, for they believe in the Homes in the benefit of 'early to bed and early to rise.' Saturday forenoon is generally Washing Day, and boys as well as girls learn this useful art, while the afternoon is devoted to volunteering, games or rambles. On Sunday, only the most necessary work is done, yet the day is not a dull one for there are the Sunday School, the Christian Endeavour Meeting, and the afternoon walk to church in the village.

"The mass of the children are too young to begin special training with a view to their future careers. It is just six years since the Homes were started. A few, however, are full-timers or half-timers on the farm or in the workshops, and some have already left for the Colonies, the Navy Training ship, or spheres in India. Our Departmental organisation begins to develop. We have just appointed an agricultural expert, whose pupils will, we expect, finish at one of the Agricultural Colleges at present being organised. A Mathematics and Science master has also just been added to the staff, and he will, it is hoped, shortly start classes for boys going to the Engineering College at Sibpur (or, as we hope it will be before long, at the healthier Ranchi). The beginnings of the Commercial department are already found in the short-hand, type-writing, and Hindi classes. When the new Hospital is opened, selected girls will begin their training as nurses or mothers-helps, for whom there is a large demand. The Head Master looks forward to educate a few as teachers, and, as our means increase, other departments will be added, for our aim is that every child should go out equipped for earning a livelihood in a useful profession. We are ambitious for our children; all the more ambitious because many of them had begun life under unpropitious circumstances.

"The idea underlying the scheme of the Homes is to provide the best possible environment for the children—physical, mental, moral and religious. We believe that a good environment is able to powerfully counteract, if not to altogether counterbalance, evil tendencies. For this end there are furnished at Kalimpong a bracing climate, a happy home under devoted ladies brought from Britain, a good education under home-trained

teachers, the discipline of wholesome work, a religious atmosphere without the narrowing influence of sectarian feeling. The Board of Management is composed of leading officials, business and professional gentlemen whose names are a guarantee that the work is conducted on sound and sensible lines."

In an ideally healthy situation, and under such supervision, many children, whose lives would be, to a large extent, lost if lived only on the plains of India, are put in the way of usefulness and health. By means of these homes Dr. Graham is solving what is felt to be one of the pressing Imperial problems of India; he is, at least, showing how to deal with classes hitherto despised or neglected. One knows not whether to admire more the fertile brain of Dr. Graham who devised, and is carrying on so successfully, this work, or the house-mothers, who, without a single servant, are seeking to train the children into ways of future usefulness.

On Sunday I spent an even busier day. In the morning I rode out with Dr. Graham to the little country church of Chobo, where it had been arranged that he should baptize two little children and celebrate the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Both Sacraments were dispensed very simply and very reverently in the presence of a large and most interested congregation. The church is of the most primitive kind, having been built by the poor country people themselves in their leisure moments. It seemed also to serve the purpose of a school. Taking everything into account the service was most touching. On riding back to Kalimpong, I found that the native Hindi service, in the Macfarlane Memorial Church had commenced. In the presence of

a very large congregation I preached the sermon while Dr. Graham interpreted. The English Service was held at four o'clock, and this I had the honour of conducting. Later on in the evening I was present at a Hospital Service conducted by Dr. M'Kaig. A lantern service for Thibetans, conducted by Mr. M'Kenzie, in a schoolroom, concluded the day.

In order that I might see something more of mission work in a country district, it had been arranged that my return to Darjeeling should be by way of Chidam and Lebong. I was not, however, to leave Kalimpong without some further idea of what is being done. On Monday morning I had to take part, with the Rev. Dr. Graham, in the inauguration of a new industry for the district. With a view to enable the native women of Kalimpong to earn a good livelihood, a qualified teacher of lace-work had been brought from England; and that morning, with a class of about 20 pupils, she began her work.[1]

By about half-past ten I started for Chidam. The road is somewhat difficult. I had ridden only a short distance beyond the point to which Dr. Graham and Mr. M'Kean had kindly accompanied me when I found it necessary, on account of the steep descent, to dismount, to hand over my pony to my faithful syce, and to make the journey to the banks of the Teesta on foot. On reaching the river I found that the crossing had to be effected by a very primitive suspension bridge, the wires by which it is hung being little stronger than many which are used in our own fences at home. I was not surprised when my little syce told me that we could only entrust to the bridge one weight at a time. After

[1] See Plate VIII.

crossing the river our difficulties increased. There are two roads to Chidam—one somewhat round about but fairly good, the other direct but almost straight up the mountain side. By some mistake we took the latter. To ride a pony was impossible. At times the road was simply a step from rock to rock, and almost too difficult for even a hill pony to traverse. With many a halt and many a renewed effort the hill top was reached. Shortly afterwards the white walls of Chidam School and Mission House made their appearance. Two hours' ride, or oftener walk, over a pathway which was little more than a foot wide, sometimes very rocky and sometimes almost obliterated, brought me to the place where the Rev. H. C. Duncan of Darjeeling was waiting to welcome me. He had been itinerating among the mission stations of Sikkhim, and it had been arranged that we should meet at Chidam.

Occasionally the journey was somewhat trying, and once or twice almost impossible, but I am glad to have made it. I have come to know what it means for our missionaries to have to itinerate among their country stations. It was also worth while coming here to see the way in which lantern lectures are sometimes given by our missionaries. On the white-washed wall of the mission-house, in the darkness of night, and with the aid of only an oil-lantern, a most effective illustrated lecture on the life of Christ was given. The views shown were mostly reproductions of Doré's pictures, and seemed to be very much enjoyed by the people.

For the opportunity thus afforded me of spending some time with Mr. Duncan I am very grateful. I had known him, some years ago, as the Secretary and President of the Student Volunteer Movement. It was

now exceedingly interesting to see how the missionary spirit, which had been very strikingly developed during University days, had grown to be even more commendable when brought into contact with actual work. A more devoted and efficient missionary one could scarcely have desired to have found.

It had been arranged that the next stage of my journey back to Darjeeling should only be as far as a tea-planter's bungalow at Badamtam. Next morning I found the pathway to be much easier. After a somewhat steep ascent the road gradually descends until a tributary of the Rungeet is reached. Here I crossed the stream by a very primitive Bhutia bridge,[1] erected on the cantilever principle, but overlaid only with bamboos. Another ride for a few miles, up and down, brought me to a beautiful suspension bridge over the Rungeet. From this road to Badamtam is specially good, and until I reached the hospitable bungalow of Mr. Shannon the ride was very pleasant. At some points the scenery was surpassingly beautiful. The view which I had at one point of the river Rungeet, just where the suspension bridge crosses it, is one that will long live in my memory.

Badamtam Bungalow is about 3,300 feet above sea-level, but, surrounded as it is by very high mountains, the climate is almost tropical. In Mr. Shannon's garden were to be found palms and fruit trees known only to hot climates. Although it was but the beginning of March, peas had come to full pod, cauliflowers were quite ready for table use, and part of my breakfast, under Mr. Shannon's hospitable roof, consisted of a slice of a pine-apple just gathered from the garden. The

[1] See Plate VIII.

view of the snow-clad mountains with their cloud-covered sides was also very effective. In company with Mr. Shannon I had a walk through his tea-factory, and from him I learned much regarding the tea industry.

A ride of about three hours' duration brought me back to Darjeeling. Higher and higher rose the road; grander and grander grew the mountain scenery. Forty miles to the north, keeping watch over the borderland between India and Thibet, rose Mount Kinchinjunga. Seemingly not far off from him, less elevated, but not less striking, stood the peaks of Janu, Donkia, and Chumulari. Behind me lay the mountain ranges of Bhutan, and right in front the heights of Nepal. Wherever an altitude of 12,000 feet had been reached, snow covered the mountain tops; where the height would not be much higher than 4,000 feet, tea gardens could frequently be seen; between these elevations wooded slopes of greater or less beauty constantly appeared. Not far from Darjeeling came into view the extensive military cantonments of Lebong, and, on the outskirts of the town, was pointed out the place where a disastrous landslip had occurred. Of somewhat less importance, but as shewing a complete reversal of our Western ideas of life, on one side of the road was to be found a "dhobi," or washerman, busily beating clothes upon a large stone, in the centre of a pool, and, on the other side of the road, a woman busily breaking stones for road metal. Within the town itself, and crowning one of its highest points, a motley array of flags fluttered in the wind, not to mark some occasion of special gladness, but to work out a native belief that even the slightest movement, caused by a passing breeze, would waft a prayer to some favourite god. Amid scenery such as I

have just described, and life such as I have indicated, the journey to Darjeeling seemed all too brief. Save for occasional mists on the mountain side, and sometimes an actual experience of a cloud, the pleasure of this morning's ride could scarcely have been excelled.

Such, however, are not the impressions of the Eastern Himalayas that will linger longest in my mind. More indelibly stamped is a sense of the worth of two Christian Missions. Full of contrasts they undoubtedly are; and yet each fills its own important position. With the growth of the town of Darjeeling, and its relative increase in Anglo-Indian and native population, the Mission of the Church of Scotland has steadily kept pace. With the growth of the Mission at Kalimpong, and its multifarious agencies, the village community of the district has gradually increased. Only about twenty-five miles apart, the work of the one Mission fits very happily into that of the other. We are safe in saying that few could visit these mission-stations without having a firmer faith in the worth of Christian Missions, and a more ardent admiration for the whole-hearted missionary.

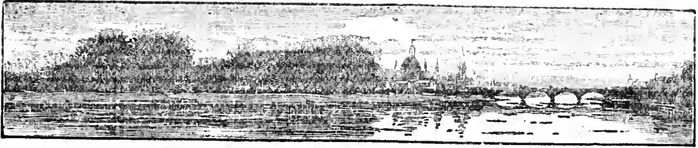
Unfortunately, I write these words while both Mission-stations are stricken with sorrow. One who has wrought at both places has been taken from them. The Rev. T. Ed. Taylor has fallen a victim to the much-dreaded black-water fever. For fully a year the position of chaplain to the tea-planters of the Dooars,—a district at the foot of the Himalayas, just below Kalimpong,—had been vacant. Planters and their native workers had thus been deprived to a large extent of religious ordinances. To supply this need Mr. Taylor had shortened his furlough and had volunteered his

services. In the ever-conscientious discharge of his duties Mr. Taylor caught fever, as it had been raging to an alarming extent, and died on Christmas Day, 1906, at Goru Bathan. Previous to this he had been a missionary at Darjeeling and Kurseong. Later on he had occupied the important position of Head of the Training School for Native Workers at Kalimpong. In many ways he had proved himself an ideal missionary. We can understand the words of a planter, written immediately after Mr. Taylor's death, "We deplore his loss, in words that cannot be uttered. . . . . One short year of unsparing service had already given Mr. Taylor the highest place in our regard; we looked forward to his visits; his conversation shewed how keenly he followed all our fortunes. The exponent of a strenuous and manly Christianity, his influence was of the sort that fits and enables men, under our peculiar modes of life, to hold before them the Christian ideals of fullest manhood." We can also understand words taken from a memorial sermon by the Rev. R. Kilgour, in Darjeeling Church, on the Sunday after the funeral, "The Mission has lost one whose like we shall not soon see again. Everyone of us—and the whole district—has lost a great-hearted friend. I have lost a colleague of whom

'I feel it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel.'"

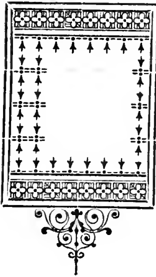
Though lost to a work that was to him very dear, and to a cause which sorely needed him, Mr. Taylor has filled a most important place in a most important work. He has left an impress that will long abide both in the Anglo-Indian and the native mind. The Church of

Christ is poorer for the loss of such a missionary; it is also richer in the records of those who have served themselves heir to the Master's words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



CHAPTER VI.

Among the Great Cities of India.



o one can visit India, even for the purpose of understanding its Christian missions, without having a strong desire to see something of its great historic cities, and more especially those which are closely associated with the Mutiny of fifty years ago. I had the great privilege of visiting Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, and of studying the places in and around which the conflict raged. Before giving my impressions, it may be fitting that we should remind ourselves of the local conditions out of which the Mutiny arose, and the more immediate causes which led up to it.

Ever since the days of Dupleix and Clive there had been going on a system of conquering, or annexing territory, in the name of the East India Company. To maintain British supremacy a few regiments of British soldiers had been regularly stationed in India, but their number had been largely supplemented by natives, who hired themselves out for military purposes in return for the pay or the prestige which such military service might bring them. It is easy to see wherein

the danger of such a system would lie. Anything which threatened the pay of the sepoy or affected his caste would be sure to cause trouble. As a consequence we find that a Mutiny, though not on a very large scale, did take place in 1764, the real cause of which was a desire for increased pay; and that a Mutiny on a somewhat larger scale broke out at Vellore, in the Province of Madras, in the year 1806, the grievance being that orders had been given forbidding caste-marks, ear-rings, or beards, and instructing the new army to wear a leather cockade made from the skin of either the detested pig or the sacred cow. The first of these mutinies was promptly suppressed by Hector Munro, who not only refused the higher pay to the sepoys, but actually shot twenty-four of the ring-leaders. The second one was almost as speedily suppressed by Gillespie, who galloped from Arcot, eight miles off, recaptured the fort, and either killed or scattered the mutineers.

Under the Governor-Generalship of Lord Dalhousie, from 1848 to 1856, annexations of territory were frequent. After a stern battle with the Sikhs, the Panjab was annexed in 1849; Lower Burmah followed in 1852; while the great territory of Oudh, with its capital of Lucknow, was annexed without conquest in 1856. About this time two principles of action in the matter of the Government of India were laid down. It was determined, first of all, that when any native prince died, with no heir to succeed him, his territory should revert to the British Crown; secondly, that sums of money which had previously been paid annually to princes who had been deprived of their territory should not be continued to their successors. By the working of the first rule, the principalities of Jhansi, Nagpore, and

others, became the property of the British Crown. By the working of the second, Nana Sahib, the heir of the Peishwa of Poona, was refused an annual pension of £80,000; and Bahadur Shah, the king of Delhi, was informed that his son would not be allowed to succeed him. Acts like these created in the native mind a feeling that the British Government was dealing with India in a very high-handed and unjust fashion.

In 1856, Lord Dalhousie was succeeded by Lord Canning. From this time onward irritant after irritant seems to have been applied to the Indian mind. An Act, called the General Service Enlistment Act, made the Bengal recruits available for service not only outside the East India Company's dominions, but without extra pay: to the sepoy this seemed an attack upon his prestige. Railways and telegraph systems were freely introduced: these were regarded as a kind of magic designed to oppress him. A new kind of cartridge supplied to the army had been smeared with some composition from the fat of the cow: the religious susceptibilities of the Hindu mind were wounded, and nothing would rid him of the belief that the British Government was bent upon putting an end to his caste, and his religion. Meanwhile the proportion between British and Native troops had grown to something like one to six, the British force being only 40,000 to 240,000 Sepoys; it was rumoured that the British army had been beaten in the Crimea, and it had been prophesied that the rule of the East India Company was to come to an end in 1857, the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Plassey. Taking all these circumstances into account we can understand the forces at work in producing the Mutiny of 1857.

By the beginning of this year signs of a mutinous spirit among the sepoys began to show themselves. In the month of February the 34th Native Infantry mutinied at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, and in the month of March the 19th, stationed at Berhampore, followed their example. Both of these regiments were speedily disarmed and disbanded, and the 84th (British) regiment brought from Burmah to take their place. On the 3rd of May, the 7th Oudh Irregulars, stationed at Musa Bagh, a palace about four miles from the Residency in Lucknow, rose in rebellion, but were speedily quelled by Sir Henry Lawrence. On the 10th of the same month occurred an outbreak of the same spirit at Meerut. Partly because of the want of wisdom with which it was handled, and partly because of the number who mutinied, this movement assumed an alarming shape. To punish some of the mutineers, the objectionable course of putting them in irons in front of their comrades and then marching them off to jail was resorted to. During the night the jail was broken into, the prisoners liberated, and the mutinous spirit intensified. Fearing the consequences of their insubordination, the mutineers left for Delhi, and there, along with others, proclaimed the Moghul ruler of India. Unfortunately this rising in Meerut was not followed by General Hewitt as it ought to have been. Nothing was done in the way of dealing with the mutineers for several weeks. It was naturally imagined that British power was unable to cope with the situation. Before long the rising was general. Native regiment after native regiment rose in rebellion, murdered its British officers, shewed little mercy even to their wives and children, and ultimately marched to

Delhi, Cawnpore, or Lucknow. At Delhi the city was completely in the hands of the rebels; at Cawnpore Sir H. Wheeler was surrounded by overwhelming numbers; and at Lucknow Sir Henry Lawrence was closely invested.

As shewing the unpreparedness of the British military authorities for such a situation, only three British regiments were stationed between Calcutta and Meerut, a distance of 900 miles—the 14th at Dinapore, the 32nd at Lucknow, and the 3rd Europeans at Agra.

From three directions relief was to be expected. Lord Canning was at Calcutta, General Anson, the Commander-in-chief, at Simla, and Sir John Lawrence in the Panjab. Each of these set himself to do his very utmost in the unfortunate circumstances. Through Lord Canning's efforts the Madras Fusiliers, under Colonel Neill, arrived in Calcutta on May 23rd; the 64th and 70th from Persia early in June; and other British troops from Burmah, Ceylon, and Singapore soon followed. A force on its way to China was diverted to Calcutta, several regiments were brought from Cape Colony, and urgent requests were sent home for more troops. So slow, however, was the mode of transit, that not until 7th July was General Havelock able to advance from Allahabad with a force of 2000 men. As soon as General Anson heard at Simla the news of the mutiny at Meerut, he collected all the British and Goorkha regiments which were among the hills, and began to move on Delhi. Transport in his case was also difficult, and the commissariat very defective. Fortunately the important arsenals at Phillour and Ferozepur were secured. Meanwhile, in the Panjab, Sir John Lawrence, ably supported by such

men as Nicholson, Edwardes, Chamberlain, and Montgomery, was suppressing either mutinies or threats of mutiny at Peshawar, Nowshera, Multan, and Ferozepur. A movable column under Nicholson proved of immense service, and it is not too much to say that by moving from place to place this column and its gallant leader kept the Panjab from rising.

DELHI.

Of the City of Delhi, previous to the Mohammedan conquest in 1193 A.D., little is known. It is said to have been built on the site of an ancient city, called Indraprastha. The more modern City dates from 1638, the year of the completion of the great Fort by the Moghul Emperor, Shah Jehan. Since that time it has been frequently attacked and frequently captured. In 1739, it was sacked by the Persian Monarch, Nadir Shah, and depleted of the Koh-I-Nur diamond, the famous Peacock Throne, and millions of treasure. In September, 1803, an army, under General Lake, captured the city. In October, 1804, it was besieged by the Maratha sovereign, Jaswant Rao Holkar, but successfully defended by the British, under General Ochterlony. From that date, until 1857, it remained in undisturbed British possession.

It is not difficult to understand why the mutineers from Meerut and other places should have concentrated upon Delhi. For many years the natives of India had regarded it as their capital. It had even been prophesied that the gilded marble palace of the Moghuls, as erected in this city, "should stand for ever." Although the Moghul rule had practically come to an end in 1804, the Emperor had still been allowed by the

British Government to keep up some semblance of royalty. It was only natural that, when the natives in 1857 thought of rising in rebellion, they should trace their steps to a City with ancient imperial associations, and claim Bahadur Shah, the existing successor of the Moghuls, as their King and Head.

In and around Delhi, the struggle for the supremacy of India *had* to take place. It may not be unfitting that we should give a *résumé* of it. General Anson, seeing something of the seriousness of the situation, began his march on Delhi, but died of cholera on 27th May. His successor, Sir H. Bernard, led a force of 3,800 men as far as Badli-Ka-Serai, about sixty miles north of Delhi, defeated a rebel army of 30,000 strong, and obtained possession of "The Ridge," a slightly elevated ground outside Delhi.[1] Unfortunately he too fell a victim to cholera on 5th July. On account of ill-health, his successor, General Reed, retained the command for only twelve days. Ultimately the command devolved upon General Archdale Wilson. During this depressing time repeated attacks had been made by the mutineers by sorties from Delhi, and often with very disastrous consequences to the British army. The rebels, in fact, had attacked so often, and with such violence, that it came to be felt that the British were the besieged and not the besiegers.

On the 7th of August, General Nicholson joined the British force. A week later, the Movable Column, of which he had been the Head, and which had done such excellent work already in the Panjab, augmented the British force. Nicholson's presence at once inspired confidence, and in minor engagement

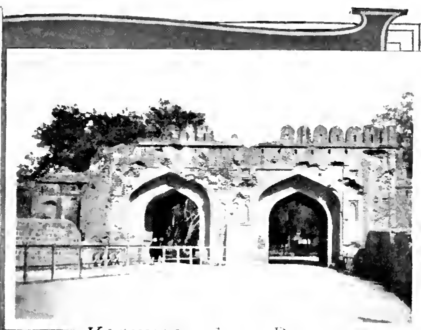
[1] See Plate IX.

after minor engagement he very soon gave evidence both of his bravery and ability. Writing to Baird Smith, his Chief Engineer, on the 20th of August, General Wilson gave the following description of the situation:—"Delhi is seven miles in circumference, filled with an immense fanatical population, garrisoned by fully 40,000 soldiers, armed and disciplined by ourselves, with 114 heavy pieces of artillery mounted on the walls, with the largest magazine of shot, shell, and ammunition in the Upper Provinces, besides some sixty pieces of field-artillery, all of our own manufacture, and manned by artillerymen trained and drilled by ourselves; the Fort itself having been strengthened by perfect flanking defences, erected by our own engineers, and a glacis which prevents our guns breaching the walls, lower than eight feet from the top." With a knowledge of all this it is no wonder that General Wilson should have been slow to begin the attack. General Nicholson, on the other hand, knowing that Delhi was the key to the situation, not only in the Panjab, but throughout the whole of India, insisted that the attack should be made. It is even recorded that he threatened a strong step against General Wilson if it were not.[1] Immediately afterwards, plans were laid. The part of the wall selected comprised the Mori, Kashmir and Water Bastions. From the 7th to the 13th September the pounding of the guns was vigorously kept up. On the morning of the 14th the assault began. The First Column, with the Kashmir Bastion for its objective, advanced under the command of General Nicholson. With characteristic bravery the General was himself the first to mount the walls, and a

[1] See Lord Roberts' "Forty-One Years in India," p. 118.

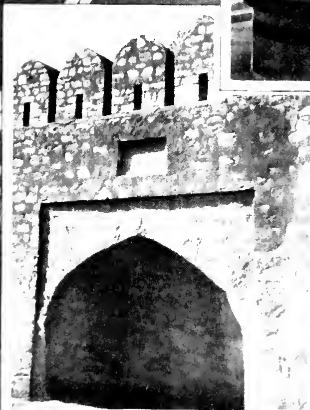
PLATE IX.

ON THE RIDGE, DELHI.


KASHMIR GATE, DELHI.

THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW

MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.


WHERE GEN^L NICHOLSON FELL, DELHI.

breach near this Bastion was successfully made. The Second Brigade, under Brigadier Jones, made an attack upon the Mori Bastion, and ultimately planted a flag upon the Kabul Gate. The Third Column, under Colonel Campbell of the 52nd, had been directed to attack the Kashmir Gate, and after a display of great gallantry on the part of Lieutenants Home and Salkeld and Sergeants Carmichael, Smith, and Burgess, the Gate was sufficiently shattered to enable the besiegers to enter.[1] The Fourth Column, under Major Charles Reid, had been instructed to enter by the Lahore Gate. A Fifth Column, under Brigadier Longfield, was specially deputed to prevent sallies from the Lahore and Ajmir Gates. Meanwhile a most destructive fire from the enemy was being poured upon the besiegers from the Lahore Gate. General Nicholson saw the situation, and with a few men determined to capture the Gate. Unfortunately in doing so he was shot, and carried to the rear to die.[2] But Delhi had been stormed: the work of John Nicholson was done. Six more days of dangerous fighting in the streets completed the capture.

The visitor to modern Delhi finds it to be a strongly walled City of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, a great commercial and military centre, and a place of strategic importance. It is also the seat of very extensive educational and missionary efforts.

It was here that the great Imperial Durbar was held on 1st January, 1903, for the purpose of proclaiming King Edward VII. Emperor of India. On that occasion Native princes, chiefs, and nobles, in all their grandeur, gathered from every State and Province in India.

[1] See Plate IX. [2] See Plate IX.

Within the City are still to be found many beautiful buildings. Although shorn in some instances of their ancient grandeur and magnificence, no one can look upon them without realizing something of the lavish expenditure and rare architectural skill which have been brought to bear upon them. The Fort, as built by Shah Jehan in 1638, stands on the banks of the Jumna, and includes several magnificent buildings. Three of these deserve special mention. The Diwan-I-'Am, or "Hall of Public Audience," is open on three sides, and supported by rows of red sandstone pillars. Upon four marble pillars within the building rests a throne covered by a canopy, while behind the throne is a wall inlaid with very beautiful mosaics. The Diwan-I-Khas, or "Hall of Private Audience," is smaller, but much more beautiful. It is constructed entirely of white marble, and ornamented with gold and pietra dura. On the East side rested, at one time, the famous Peacock Throne, which was carried off by Nadir Shah, and is now located in the Palace at Teheran. North of this is the Moti Musjid, or "Pearl Mosque," an exquisite building of white and grey marble, with walls beautifully decorated in relief and tracery. Outside the Fort, the most striking building is the Jumma Musjid,[1] the largest Mohammedan Mosque in the world. Built partly of marble and partly of red sandstone, it stands on a raised position, with three fine gateways. Above each of these are galleries surmounted by fifteen marble domes, with spires tipped with gold. Above the principal side of the open rectangle rise three magnificent domes. Round the great quadrangle run cloisters, and in the centre is a tank in which the worshippers bathe their

[1] See Plate XI.

hands and faces. Two minarets, of a height of 130 feet each, rise on either side of the Mosque. Taking everything into consideration, it is not surprising that the work of construction went on for six years, and gave employment to as many as five thousand workmen. Judging from a date to be found inscribed upon it, in Arabic, it would seem to have been either begun or finished in the year in which Aurungzeb deposed his father, Shah Jehan. It would thus be the work either of the monarch who built the Fort or of his less honourable son.

As might be expected in a city so Mohammedan as Delhi, other Mosques are to be found throughout it. One known as the "Golden Mosque," and another, of much older date, called the Kalan Musjid, or "Black Mosque," are worth a visit. Alongside of other buildings to which we have referred, they are apt to be forgotten, or at least under-valued.

The principal street of Delhi runs from east to west, almost in a direct line, and is known by the name of the Chandni Chauk. It is unusually wide, and is lined with trees. In its shops are gathered all the chief articles of native manufacture in gold, silver, ivory, and embroidery.

Outside the City, are to be found the tombs of several distinguished Mohammedans—the most imposing of which is that of Humayun. About eleven miles from the city stands the conspicuous tower known as the Kutb Minar. More significant than all these to the visitor from the West are the well-nigh sacred spots dotted here and there upon "The Ridge." Passing outward through the Kashmir Gate, a walk of about 300 yards brings us to the Cemetery. Close to the

entrance is the tomb of General Nicholson,

"WHO LED THE ASSAULT OF DELHI, BUT FELL
IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY,
MORTALLY WOUNDED,
AND DIED 23RD OF SEPTEMBER, 1857.
AGED 35 YEARS."

All around are the last resting-places of many who laid down their lives for Queen and country.

A little beyond this sacred spot, is Ludlow Castle, the house of Simon Frazer, the murdered Commissioner of Delhi. Two hundred yards to the south-east is Hindu Rao's House, the spot around which raged much of the fiercest of the fighting. And crowning all is the handsome Mutiny Memorial of red sandstone, on the four sides of which are inscribed in four languages the names of many who fell during the siege. Seemingly out of place is a pillar of Asoka,[1] a Buddhist Emperor of the third century B.C., now standing right in front of Hindu Rao's House; and yet placed there as it was in 1867, by the British Government, it perhaps serves a valuable purpose. Originally erected at Meerut, it may remind the visitor not only of the days when Asoka, by means of such pillars, sought to encourage the spread of the Buddhist religion, but also of the place where much of the trouble connected with the Mutiny arose.

AGRA.

About one hundred and forty miles to the south-east of Delhi, and also on the banks of the Jumna, stands the City of Agra. With a population of nearly 165,000, it is second in political importance among the

[1] See Plate IX.

cities of the United Provinces. Possessed of several exquisite buildings, it is first in architectural interest among the whole of the cities of India.

Like Delhi, its history, previous to the time of the Mohammedan rule, is uncertain; and like Delhi it owes much of its grandeur to Shah Jehan. Judging from its known history, it would seem at times to have been a serious rival to the accepted capital. Some of the Moghul Emperors made it an occasional place of residence. Others seem to have stayed in it altogether. It was a favourite abode of Babar, and, for a time, of Humayun. The Great Akhar came to it from Fatehpur Sikri in 1568, and died here in 1605; Shah Jehan not only lived in it, but built most of its finest buildings. With the decline of Mahommedan power, the City would seem to have been largely in the hands of the Mahrattas. In 1803 it was captured by an army under General Lake. Since that time it has remained a British possession.

Fortunately the story of the Indian Mutiny, as it affected Agra, is by no means so tragic as that of other cities. On the 30th of May, 1857, two companies of the 40th and 67th Native Infantry mutinied. Five days later they were joined by the Kotah troops. Brigadier Polwhele was in the neighbourhood, and with the few soldiers at his command, endeavoured to suppress the rising by attacking the rebel camp at Suchata. His attack was successful, but he had lost so many men that it was deemed advisable to retire to the Fort. About 6,000 persons, including civilians, women, and children, made their way thither, and although besieged and for a time very hard beset, were relieved by Colonel Greathead shortly after the Fall of Delhi.

As a City, Agra derives not a little of its attractiveness from the imposing appearance of its Fort. Its walls, measuring about two and a quarter miles in circumference, are of red sandstone, 70 feet high and 30 feet thick. Outside of these walls runs a moat 30 feet wide and 35 feet deep. One who has travelled widely, and observed carefully, has said—"It surpasses in beauty and strength the Kremlin at Moscow, the Tower of London, the Citadel of Toledo, and many other fortresses. . . . Nothing erected in modern times can compare with it."[1] But massive though the Fort looks, and distinctive, as a feature of the City, though it always will be, we have only to enter it by its Delhi and Elephant Gates to see for ourselves how true it is that "the Moghuls designed like Titans and finished like jewellers."[2] Passing through the Mini Bazar, now used —some would say vandalized—as a barracks, we come upon the Moti Musjid or "Pearl Mosque." Built by Shah Jehan between the years 1648 and 1655, this building has been described by Fergusson in his "History of Indian and Eastern Architecture," as "one of the purest and most elegant buildings of its kind to be found anywhere." The entrance gateway is flanked with red sandstone, while exquisite effects are produced within by the employment of white, blue, and veined marble. Round three sides of the mosque run marble cloisters, while the mosque proper consists of three aisles of seven bays, surmounted by three handsome domes. An inscription in letters of black marble, inlaid with white, and running the whole length of the front row of pillars, says that "the mosque may be likened to a precious pearl, for no other mosque is lined

[1] W. E. Curtiss in "Modern India." [2] Bishop Heber.

throughout with marble like this." To the right of the Moti Musjid is the Diwan-I-'Am, or "Hall of Public Audience," with a roof supported by graceful pillars of red sandstone. Behind the throne of this Hall a doorway leads to an open square known as the Machchi Bawan. In the north-west corner is the Naginah Musjid, or "Gem Mosque," beautiful in itself as the special Mosque of the Ladies of the Court, but significant as the place in which Shah Jehan was kept prisoner by his own son, Aurungzeb. In the south-west corner is the Meena Musjid, or "Private Mosque of the Emperor." On the south is the Diwan-I-Khas, or "Hall of Private Audience." Overlooking the river Jumna is the Golden Pavilion, with the ladies' bed-room, in the walls of which are to be found holes where they were wont to deposit their jewels. Another open square known as the Anguri Bagh, or "Grape Gardens," is flanked by a set of buildings of less importance, but also of great beauty. In the south-east corner of the Fort stands the Jehangir Mahal, or Palace of Jehangir, one of the distinctive features of which is the masonic symbol of the double triangle inlaid in several places in white marble.

But magnificent, even to bewilderment, though this collection of buildings may be, they sink into comparative insignificance before the unique grandeur of the Taj Mahal. Built by Shah Jehan upon the bank of the river, about a mile off, as a tomb for Arjmand Banu, his favourite wife, this world-renowned structure has been enriched by all that art, money, and love could possibly produce. Not inaptly has it been spoken of as a "tomb in a palace, and a palace in a tomb." Some idea of it may be gained from the fact that it occupied twenty years in

building, employed twenty-two thousand workmen in its construction, and cost over three million pounds, irrespective of a very large amount of unpaid labour. Words fail to describe this structure. With the help of a picture shewn in Plate X of this book, and the following brief description, some faint idea of it may be formed :—" Through the Taj Ganj Gate, the visitor enters a large outer court, on the left of which is the Great Gateway, a magnificent structure of red sandstone, inlaid with marble and crowned with 26 marble cupolas. Beyond the gateway stretches a lovely garden, down the centre of which is a water conduit, with fountains, lined with cypress, and running right up to the Taj. This exquisite building stands in the centre of a platform 18 feet high, faced with marble, and with a white minaret at each of the four corners. The main dome is 80 feet high, and 58 feet in diameter, directly beneath which are the tombs of Arjmand Banu and Shah Jehan, surrounded by a trellis work of white marble. In each angle of the building is a small two-storied domed chamber, connected with each other by corridors, and the whole of the interior of the mausoleum is beautifully ornamented with in-laid precious stones, low-relief, sculpture and fretted work. The original entrance doors, which were of silver, were carried off by the Jats in 1764. Attached to the Taj are two wings—one of which is a mosque ; both are fine buildings."[1] Speaking more especially of the screen which surrounds the tombs, Fergusson says—" The light is admitted only through double screens of white marble trellis-work, of the most exquisite design, one on the outer and one on the inner face of the walls. In our climate

[1] Murray's " Imperial Guide to India.

this would produce nearly complete darkness; but in India, and in a building wholly composed of white marble, this was required to temper the glare that otherwise would have been intolerable. As it is, no words can express the chastened beauty of that central chamber, seen in the soft gloom of the subdued light that reaches it through the distant and half-closed openings that surround it." Speaking of the tomb as a whole, he adds:—"When used as a Barahdari, or pleasure palace, it must always have been the coolest and the loveliest of garden retreats; and now that it is sacred to the dead, it is the most graceful and the most impressive of sepulchres in the world. The building, too, is an exquisite example of that system of inlaying with precious stones which became a great characteristic of the style of the Moghuls after the death of Akbar. All the spandrils of the Taj, all the angles and more important details, are heightened by being inlaid with precious stones. These are combined in wreaths, scrolls, and frets, as exquisite in design as beautiful in colour. They form the most beautiful and precious style of ornament ever adopted in architecture. . . . The judgment with which this style of ornament is apportioned to the various parts is almost as remarkable as the ornament itself, and conveys a high idea of the taste and skill of the Indian architects of the age."

Outside the City of Agra, two buildings claim attention. On the left bank of the river, stands the tomb of I'timadu-daulah; five and a half miles off stands the tomb of Akbar. The former is a beautiful specimen of the ordinary Mohammedan tomb; the latter is of a somewhat unique design, being pyramidal in form, and

consists of four stories, the three lower ones being of red sandstone, and the fourth one, which contains the cenotaph of Akbar, being of white marble. But the Taj Mahal has been seen; and however much we may admire the last resting places of I'timadu-daulah and Akbar, they are apt to suffer by comparison with that of Arjmand Banu, the beautiful wife of Shah Jehan.

CAWNPORE.

From a City full of marks of ancient greatness we pass to another whose distinguishing feature is modern commercial enterprize. From a City which the Mutiny had only slightly touched we come to one which the Great Tragedy has stamped with revolting records.

Cawnpore, with its 182,000 inhabitants, stands on the right bank of the River Ganges, is a large manufacturing centre, and an important military station. Meanwhile we leave the more modern aspects of its life and try to re-read in a brief way its story of the Mutiny.

Several local causes combined to make the Mutiny at Cawnpore intensely sad. Nana Sahib, with his strong grievance against the British Government, resided in this district; the disproportion between the British soldier and the Native one, under General Sir Hugh Wheeler, was something like 60 to 3,000; and there are some who blame this General for casting up entrenchments on the Maidan instead of utilizing a Magazine which stood well-walled on the banks of the Ganges.

As the days of the Mutiny went on each of these features of the situation seemed to tell. On the 4th of June, the Native Cavalry rose in rebellion; shortly afterwards the 1st, the 53rd and the 56th Native In-

fantry joined them. In ordinary circumstances, these rebels would have contented themselves with destroying the Treasury, throwing open the Jail, burning the Public Offices, capturing the Magazine, and marching, as others had done, to Delhi. On their way to the ancient capital they were met by Nana Sahib, who persuaded them to return and to continue their attack upon Cawnpore. By noon of June 6th, the siege began. Within the entrenchments, about 1,000 persons, one half of whom were women and children, had sought shelter. For three weeks 3,000 well trained and well fed Native troops poured a murderous fire upon them, and it is little wonder that at the end of that time the besieged had been reduced by 250. The wonder is that behind trenches, which it was said "an old cow could have leapt over," the results were not much more disastrous. On the 23rd of June the mutineers combined for one great attack upon the entrenchments, but to the honour of the brave few behind these miserable earthen-walls, the attack was successfully repulsed.

What Nana Sahib had failed to do by straightforward warfare he now attempted to do by strategy. Two days later a woman brought into the entrenchments a slip of paper, upon which was written an offer of a safe passage down the Ganges as far as Allahabad to all "who had not been connected with the Acts of Lord Dalhousie." Mainly because of the straits to which those behind the entrenchments had been reduced the offer was accepted. On the morning of 27th June, the survivors, now numbering only about 450 persons, marched to the Sati Chaura Ghat, and, without any suspicion of treachery, took their places in the boats which had been prepared for them. Con-

cealed behind the banks of the river were hundreds of Sepoys, ready at the word of command to pour upon them a murderous fire of shot and shell. In a little Hindu Temple sat Nana watching and directing operations. A bugle sounded; the natives in charge of the boats left them sticking in the mud; immediately from the shore was poured upon the helpless occupants a fire which either ignited the boats and led to the burning of many of the occupants, or killed outright those who had escaped the burning. When the Nana gave orders to cease firing upon the women, only about 125 remained. From a boat which had drifted down the stream, and which had been pursued by Nana's men, a few more women and children were added Why Nana saved them can only be conjectured. For three weeks, it is said, he gloated over his seeming revenge upon the "Sahibs," and watched with fiendish delight the sufferings to which the women and children were subjected. But the sound of Havelock's guns warned him that the day of conflict was not yet over. Twice he sent out his troops to intercept the march of Havelock, and twice he had to learn that his own troops had been defeated. Fearing the ultimate triumph of the British force, Nana ordered a general massacre of the women and children whom he had previously saved, and when he saw that his Sepoys with no heart for such a brutal task were actually missing their aim, he compelled a band of cruel men with swords and long knives to do the dastardly work. All night long the air was rent by the shrieks and the groans of the wounded and the dying. Next morning the living and the dead were thrown together into an adjoining well. Two days later Havelock occupied the

cantonments of Cawnpore, unfortunately to learn that he was too late to prevent one of the saddest of tragedies.

Once again Cawnpore was in danger. In November of the same year Tantia Topi, at the head of the Gwalior contingent of 15,000 rebels, gained a temporary success; but the advent of Sir Colin Campbell, fresh from the Relief of Lucknow, checkmated him, and by the end of the first week in December, Tantia's power was completely broken.

The visitor to Cawnpore not unnaturally makes for *three* places. He seeks the site of the Entrenchments, where Sir Hugh Wheeler, at fearful odds, endeavoured to hold out against thousands of rebels. He sees only a hard, bare field, and asks how it could ever have been possible to cast up defences; he may even doubt the wisdom of the man who had resolved in the circumstances to do any such thing. He forgets all this as he stands beside the well in which 250 of the garrison lie buried, or as he reminds himself, with the help of the inscription on a cross, of those "who died hard by, during the heroic defence of Wheeler's Entrenchments, when besieged by the rebel Nana."

About a mile from the Entrenchments is the Sati Chaura Ghat, now known by the name of the "Massacre Ghat," because of its unfortunate association with the Mutiny. A glance at the situation shows its regrettable fitness for the plans which Nana had so cruelly carried out. *There* is the river, whose muddy stream made it only too easy for the boats to stick fast in it; *there* are the banks, lined with trees, which made such a successful cover for the cruel sepoys; and *there* is the little temple, dedicated to Shiva, which

made all too good a watchtower from which to direct the operations.

Passing through a very beautiful garden, of about thirty acres in extent, the visitor finds the last of the three places. Upon a raised mound stands a striking octagonal screen, designed by the late Sir Henry Yule, R.E. In the centre of this screen and covering the actual well, into which the victims of Nana Sahib's cruel slaughter were thrown, stands a tasteful monument, erected by the late Queen Victoria. The figure is that of an angel in white marble, and is the work of the famous Italian sculptor, Marochetti. The folded arms speak of resignation to the Divine Will; the palm branches, held one in each hand, tell of peace.[1] Over the gateway by which we enter are inscribed the words, "These are they which came out of great tribulation"; and around the wall which marks the circle of the well runs the inscription, "Sacred to the perpetual Memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly Women and Children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel, Nana Dhundu Pant, of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857." In striking contrast to the huge structures, which mark the last resting-places of Indian Kings and Emperors, stands this little monument, simple in its beauty, touching in its association, Christian in its sentiment, and reminiscent of the good taste and fine feeling of our own late beloved Queen. One ventures to believe that it will speak when the voice from the more gorgeous monument has ceased to tell, and that, some day, to the Indian mind, it may convey a message which his own fine structure has entirely failed to suggest.

[1] See Plate IX.

LUCKNOW.

In the minds of many, two Indian cities have come to be almost inseparably linked together. Cawnpore suggests Lucknow, and Lucknow suggests Cawnpore. To a large extent the story of the Indian Mutiny accounts for this. In both cases, the British portion of the population was besieged by rebels, under circumstances which made it difficult to hold out; in both cases relief was effected first of all by Sir Henry Havelock, and then by Sir Colin Campbell. Both cities are in the United Provinces. They lie not more than fifty miles apart.

Judged from the point of view of either commerce or politics, Lucknow must be regarded as a place of considerable importance. It stands on the banks of the Goomti, a tributary of the Ganges; is reckoned the fourth in size among the cities of India; has a population of fully 270,000 inhabitants; and has been regarded, since 1775, as the capital of the large and prosperous district of Oudh. The Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces resides here for part of the year, while its garrison includes Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry, Engineers and Volunteers.

None of the modern buildings of Lucknow are of very substantial appearance. With the exception of the ruined Residency[1] none of them are of much historic worth. The most striking of its structures, such as the Great Imambarah and the Chatr Manzil, are simply of brick, coated over with plaster or stucco. Seen by day they look tawdry, but lit up at night their appearance is sometimes effective. Redeeming features of the City

[1] See Plate IX.

are certainly the beautifully wooded parks with which it is surrounded.

For present purposes we speak of Lucknow as it was affected by the Mutiny in 1857-8, and of "The Residency" as it marks the spot, in and around which the struggle for supremacy took place.

On the 3rd of May, 1857, signs of a mutinous spirit began to shew themselves among the 7th Oudh Irregulars stationed at Musa Bagh, a palace of an ex-queen, about four miles from the City. Brave actions on the part of Major Gall, and some of the 4th Irregular Cavalry, followed up by the arrival of Sir Henry Lawrence and some of his troops, speedily put down this rising. To encourage loyalty, Sir Henry harangued his troops in open Durbar, and promoted two native officers who had shewn themselves to be friendly. With a shrewd idea of an impending struggle, he also collected, within "The Residency," great quantities of food and ammunition. On the 30th of May dissatisfaction shewed itself, to an alarming extent, in the military cantonments, and, before long the revolt among the native troops was general. Concentrating within the Residency, the garrison at first tried to hold not only this building, but the Machchi Bhawan, commanding as it did the Imambarah and the bridges over the river. Ultimately it was found that the Machchi Bhawan was not to be of much use, and on the 1st of July it was blown up and abandoned. Meanwhile the struggle between the occupants of the Residency and the mutineers outside of it had been going on. On the 30th of June, Sir Henry tried to disperse the rebels, but had to return with a loss of 119 British soldiers and some guns. The rebels in turn pressed the

siege. On the 2nd of July, Sir Henry was wounded by a cannon-ball while resting upon a couch in his room. Two days later, after making over the Chief Commissioner's work to Major Banks and the chief military command to Colonel Inglis, he passed away. For fully a fortnight, attack and counter-attack followed, with more or less disastrous consequences to both sides. By the 20th of July, the enemy concentrated for a supreme effort. Commencing by firing a mine near one of the British batteries, known as the Redan, they attempted to follow this up by a general advance. Fortunately the firing of the mine did no harm to the British troops, while the attack on the part of the natives proved most disastrous to themselves. On the 25th of July a message was received from the Quarter-Master of General Havelock's staff to the effect that relief might soon be expected. It only encouraged "hope against hope." The demands made upon Havelock's time and attention, in and around Cawnpore, had evidently delayed him. Between the 10th and 20th of August the fighting on both sides assumed pretty much the form of exploding mines. Fortunately those of the enemy did little harm. On the 20th of August the house known by the name of Johannes' was blown up, and between 60 and 80 of the rebels were killed, including the famous African "Bob the Nailer." On the 29th of August, a spy, named Angad, brought a letter from Cawnpore to the effect that relief would take place within three weeks. On the 5th of September the rebels made another desperate attack, but without success, and on the 14th, Captain Fulton, to whom the defence of Lucknow owed so much, because of the way in which he had managed the mines, was killed by a shot from the enemy's cannon

On the 23rd of September the welcome sounds of a relieving force were heard in the distance. Havelock had been joined by General Outram at Alam-Bagh, and together they were advancing with an army of about 3,000 men. Gradually the relieving force made its way through dangerous streets, and at a cost of 700 officers and men, including Brigadier-General Neill, the besieged and their rescuers joined hands. Relieved to a certain extent the Residency now was, but evacuation was found impossible. For a time the united forces were besieged, and not until the advance of Sir Colin Campbell, about the middle of November, did anything like complete relief take place. Owing to a message, bravely carried by Kavanagh from the Residency to the Alam-Bagh, Sir Colin adopted a less dangerous route than that which Outram and Havelock had previously taken, and on the afternoon of November 17, on a historic spot, now marked by a brick pillar, Outram, Havelock, and Sir Colin Campbell met. With great promptitude Sir Colin ordered the sick, the wounded, the women and children to be removed to Dilkusha. On the 22nd the Residency was evacuated. On the 24th, General Havelock died of dysentery at Dilkusha, and was buried at Alam-Bagh.

Three months later began what is known as the "Siege of Lucknow." Although the Residency had been relieved by Sir Colin Campbell it had been found impossible to hold the City. Not until Sir Colin had attacked Tantia Topi at Cawnpore, and sufficient reinforcements had arrived at the Alam-Bagh, could the siege be attempted. On the 7th of March, 1858, with an army amounting to about 31,000 men and 164 guns, Sir Colin began his attack. During the intervening

three months the rebels had increased to the number of 90,000, and, in prospect of a struggle, had thrown up three lines of defence. Within little more than a week Lucknow was captured, and one of the last great efforts, occasioned by the Mutiny, crowned with signal success.

A more detailed description of "The Residency" may now be given. The term is applied not only to the building within which the besieged took shelter, but to the whole cluster of buildings more or less connected with the Mutiny. Their length from East to West is about 1,200 feet, and from North-West to South-East about 2,150 feet. Their situation is on raised ground, overlooking the River Goomti, about two miles due north of the Railway Station. In the centre stands the Residency proper, a picturesque ruin, with a Union Jack flying from its tower.[1] Most of the rooms have touching associations. One is an under-ground vault, in which the women were sheltered. None is more noticeable than that in which Sir Henry Lawrence received his fatal wound, and through the thick wall of which the unfortunate ball is seen to have entered. Round the Residency proper are to be found many places which the Mutiny has made historic. Not far from the Baillie Guard Gateway stands an obelisk erected by Lord Northbrook to the memory of the natives who remained loyal during the course of the siege. On the left hand can be seen the house of Dr. Fayrer, in which Sir Henry Lawrence died. On the right is the Hospital. About 100 feet from the Baillie Guard Gate is a small pillar, called the "Financial Post," the first of a series of pillars marking the spots where different detachments of the garrison were

[1] See Plate IX.

placed. Close to the Residency proper is a mound of about 30 feet high, surmounted by a handsome white marble cross, rising to a height of 20 feet. On the cross, now known as the Lawrence Memorial, are inscribed the words—

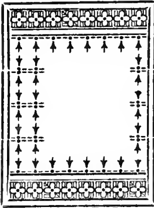
IN MEMORY OF
MAJOR-GEN. SIR HENRY LAWRENCE,
K.C.B.,
AND THE BRAVE MEN WHO FELL
IN DEFENCE OF THE RESIDENCY,
1857.

Not far off is the Cemetery, within whose enclosure no fewer than 2,000 heroic men and women are buried. Monument after monument tells its own sad tale. To the average visitor none appeals more than a simple slab, marking the spot where the body of Sir Henry Lawrence lies, and bearing a touching epitaph dictated by himself—

HERE LIES
HENRY LAWRENCE,
WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY.
MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON HIS SOUL!
BORN, 28TH OF JUNE, 1806.
DIED, 4TH OF JULY, 1857.

CHAPTER VII.

Among Heathen Places of Worship.



NDIA is a land of great historic cities; India is also a land of great historic religions. No one can land upon its shores without feeling that he is in a religious atmosphere. No one can pass through its length and breadth without realizing the variety of ways in which the religious life manifests itself. A little reflection upon the religious systems which are most prominent leads to a classification of them under two divisions. Some of these can be said to have found their origin within the land itself; others may with equal definiteness be said to have been introduced to it. Keeping these distinctions clearly before us, and observing something of their historic order, into the former class fall Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, and Sikhism; into the latter class Christianity, Parsiism, and Mohammedanism.

Beginning naturally with religious systems which have originated in India, oldest of all we find to be Hinduism, with its development from Brahminism, and its roots farther back in Vedhism, or nature worship. Next in point of age come two religious systems, both of which originated in the 6th Century B.C., and may be

regarded as developments or secessions from Brahminism; viz., Jainism, as founded by Mahavira, and Buddhism, as founded by Sakyamuni. Youngest of all is Sikhism, the origin of which is usually traced to Guru Baba Nanak Bedi, a reformer born near Lahore in 1649.

Turning our attention to the latter class, of earliest date we find Christianity, sometimes supposed to have been introduced to India by the Apostle Thomas, but certainly brought to it about A.D. 180 by Pantaenus, the learned Principal of the Christian College at Alexandria. Towards the end of the 7th Century of the Christian Era, Mohammedanism was introduced to India as a result of the Arab invasion of the district of Sind. A little later Parsiism, or Zoroastrianism, was brought from Persia, the Mohammedan invasion of that country having driven the faithful followers of Zoroaster first to the mountainous districts of Khorassan, then to the little island of Ormuz, in the Persian Gulf, and finally to the West coast of India.

As furnishing some idea of the relative strength of the religious systems of India and Burmah, the following figures[1] from the census of 1901 may be given:—

Hindus, ...	207,147,026
Jains,...	1,334,148
Buddhists, ...	9,476,759
Sikhs, ...	2,195,339
Christians, ...	2,923,241
Mohammedans, ...	62,458,077
Parsis, ...	94,190
Jews, ...	18,228
Animistic, ...	8,584,148
Others, ...	129,900
Total, ...	294,361,056

[1] Supplied by Secretary of State for India.

Into the distinctive features of these religious systems, or even into a very brief history of their growth, I cannot now enter. Such subjects are too large for the scope of this book. All that I can do is to give some idea of heathenism as I saw it more or less intimately connected with the temples, shrines, or mosques which I had an opportunity of visiting.

HINDU.

Reference has already been made to the cave-temples of the Island of Elephanta. Partly from traces which these caves bear of a very early form of Hindu worship, and partly from the fact that the largest of these temples is still used, we seek to know something of the worship which has been and is still carried on here. From a booklet produced by Captain W. T. de Burgh, Superintendent of the Caves, I gather the following facts connected more especially with worship in the Temple of the largest cave.

"This temple has not been regularly used as a place of worship for generations, still on occasions of Shiva festivals it is used, especially by Hindus of the Baniad caste; and at the Shivaratri festival, just before the first new moon falling after the middle of February, a religious fair is held here. As this is the greatest of the Shiva festivals, the fact of its being held at Elephanta indicates that it must once have been the principal, if not the oldest, temple of Shiva in the neighbourhood.

"The prayers of a devotee to this temple are not connected with his neglect of duty, his deficiencies in truth, honesty, or morality, or the expiation of the guilt of such offences, but are regarded as charms or spells, and his offerings as bribes that his god may prosper him in

all his undertakings and satisfy his wishes without any regard to these being honourable, selfish, virtuous, criminal or vicious."

When we remember that this Temple has been specially associated with the worship of Shiva, a description of a few of the dilapidated representations of him, as these are to be found carved around the walls of the cave, may not be without interest.

One of the largest groups of figures represents Shiva in his relationship to Brahma and Vishnu, the other two gods of the Hindu Trimurti or Trinity. In the centre is Brahma, holding in his left hand a pomegranate, as symbolic of creation; on the right of Brahma is Vishnu, holding in his left hand a lotus flower, as symbolic of preservation; while on the left hand of Buddha is Shiva, holding in his hand a cobra, as a symbol of destruction. Another group of figures represents Shiva with four arms, two male and two female, thus indicating his male and female personification of nature. One of his arms rests on Nandi, or the sacred bull. A third set of figures represents Shiva with his wife, Parvati, after having been separated into two distinct personages. A fourth set of figures represents the marriage of Shiva and Parvati, and includes Himalaya, the father of Parvati, and Brahma, as officiating priest. A fifth set of figures represents Shiva, with eight arms, in the act of sacrificing a child. A sixth set of figures represents Shiva in a state of intoxication. In one hand he holds a harp. Beside him is a woman holding a music-book, and on his left is a skeleton representing Death. On Shiva's left hand is Parvati apparently dead. A seventh set of figures represents Shiva as an ascetic mourning the loss of his wife.

By means of representations like these, most of them, to the Western mind, very grotesque, if not very hideous, something of the nature and place of Shiva in the Hindu pantheon is doubtless intended to be conveyed. They belong to very ancient times, and, as such, may be regarded as representing ideas that are somewhat crude. Except in cases where the Hindu mind has been brought into contact with Western civilization and Christian teaching, Hindu religious ideas, even at the present day, have not advanced very much beyond these ancient conceptions.

Something more pleasant, at least in its suggestiveness, meets us in the worship of Vishnu, the second god of the Hindu Trinity, as it may be seen in the already-referred-to city of Jammu. One of the most striking features of this city is its group of temples. A significant feature of the temples themselves is their arrangement.[1] In the centre of the group is a large temple containing an image of Vishnu. Ranged round about it, and forming three sides of a square, are ten smaller temples. In nine of these are symbols of Vishnu's past incarnations, and in the tenth one a foreboding of an incarnation yet to be. One of the nine temples enshrines a tortoise, another a fish, another a boar, another a man-lion, another a dwarf, another a Parasu-Rama, while the remaining three contain respectively images of Rama, Krishna, and Buddha. In the tenth temple stands a white horse waiting for one who will ride upon it when he returns to bring in the Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace. Significant all this is as indicating a sense of the need of the divine becoming incarnate. Even more significant is it as indicating that the

[1] See Pen and Ink Sketch at the head of this chapter.

Hindu mind is not satisfied with the revelations of the past.

Among the Himalayas, the Hindu deity most largely worshipped is Kali or Parvati, wife of Shiva. Two reasons may be given for her popularity among the inhabitants of these mountain regions. Parvati, as we have already seen, is recognized as the daughter of Himalaya. She is also known as "the goddess of destruction," and, as such, would be worshipped to prevent the disasters which are not infrequent in these regions. In large centres like Chamba, temples for the worship of Kali are somewhat elaborate, both in their construction and decoration. Among the mountain villages they are often of a very rude kind. No matter under what sacred roof the image of Kali may be sheltered, the aspect which she wears is studiously repulsive. In her hand she invariably carries some deadly weapon. Not infrequently is blood to be seen upon her sword. In front of her may almost constantly be found signs of some animal sacrifice. Worship of this deity, as I saw it at sunset in Chamba, consisted mainly in dressing and feeding the goddess to the accompaniment of the rudest and most discordant music. In a court outside of the principal temple were to be found large stone images of animals, mostly bulls, the bull being regarded as the special linga or symbol of Shiva. Visiting the temples as I did at the hour of worship, I naturally expected to see the temple courts filled with worshippers. Beyond the officiating priests and a few strangers, whose aim was anything but worship, the sacred courts were practically deserted. The worship of Kali, as inspired

[1] See Plate XI.

long ago, very largely by fear, was going on with mechanical regularity. One had the feeling that in Chamba, at least, something had been "casting out fear"; and one would not be far wrong in seeking to find it in the "perfect love," whose story has now been told in this neighbourhood for nearly fifty years, and would be repeated next Sabbath morning, to a considerable gathering of people, under the roof of the Christian missionary.

Not far from Chamba, in a broad part of the valley of the Ravi are to be found a number of small shrines. Little more than rude heaps of stones, hollow in the centre, they witness to a phase of Hindu worship which, under the strong yet wise hand of the British Government, is now largely, if not altogether, a thing of the past. In front of some of these shrines may be detected a large stone, upon which, until the British Government prevented it, mothers were wont to sacrifice their first born, in fulfilment of a vow which they had previously made. Precisely what purpose is now being served by the shrines I cannot say. The presence of a flag flying from a pole, beside some such sacred spots, would seem to include something of the nature of worship as connected with them. The flag with its prayer-association is more Buddhist than Hindu, and it may be that here the two religious systems have so far blended.

But, interesting and suggestive though these temples may be, it is in the City of Benares that Hinduism, in many of its most characteristic features, is to be seen. To the Hindu, Benares is the most sacred of cities, and the river upon which it stands the most sacred of streams. Within the City may be counted 2,000

temples or shrines; attendant upon these sacred places of worship are no fewer than 25,000 priests. Its idols are said to number about 500,000; the pilgrims who visit it annually have been reckoned at over half a million. According to Hindu belief, to drink of the muddy waters of the Ganges is to partake of a life-giving draught; to bathe in this river is to obtain the most valuable of purifications. To die within the City of Benares is the height of Hindu desire; to be burned at last, at one of its sacred Ghats, is to reach the goal of all earthly ambition.

For present purposes, only a few of the temples and sacred places which I saw within this City can be mentioned. One of the principal shrines is the Durga Kund, or "Monkey Temple."[1] As its name implies, it is sacred to Durga, the wife of Shiva, in one of her most revolting forms. The title, "Monkey Temple," has been given because of the hundreds of monkeys to be found sporting themselves amid its sacred precincts. Apart from its situation,—standing as it does beside a picturesque tank,—and apart from the beauty of its central portion,—resting as it does upon twelve curiously carved pillars,—there is not much to attract attention. It has been rendered tawdry by being coloured with red ochre, and it is oftentimes revolting because of the number of animal sacrifices which have been offered.

Not far from this, is the Bishashawar, or "Golden Temple," a shrine sacred to Shiva as the Poison-God, on account of his having swallowed some poison when the ocean was being churned by the gods. The name of "Golden Temple" has been given to it because its roofed-in quadrangle is surmounted by three domes, one

[1] See Plate XI.

of which is covered with gilded copper. Special features of this temple are its bells, suspended from a frame-work of carved stone, and a number of lingas, or symbols of deities, from an older temple. Partly from the popularity of this sacred spot, and partly from the narrow streets or lanes which surround it, its precincts are far from pleasant. Priests, pilgrims, visitors, sacred bulls and sacred cows jostle each other with uncomfortable frequency. The floors are often covered with filth, and the atmosphere is almost always laden with offensive odours.

In a quadrangle adjoining this temple is the famous Jnan Kup, or "Well of Knowledge," at the bottom of which is supposed to be an image of Shiva. Offerings of flowers are constantly being thrown into this well, and, although the bright blooms are to a large extent caught in a screen, placed in the well for this special purpose, the odour of decaying flowers and vegetable matter is invariably oppressive. But no pilgrim to Benares could miss his opportunity of offering some flowers to the god at the bottom of this well, and no visitor to the Sacred City would care to leave it without seeing something of this religious custom.

A short journey in one of the river boats revealed a collection of sacred temples, more than sufficient to indicate the extent to which the city has been dominated by a religious spirit. In the course of little more than a mile I passed no fewer than fifty Ghats, or sloping banks, most of which are sacred to the purposes of bathing in the river, drinking of its waters, or burning the dead.[1] Surmounting these Ghats are to be seen almost innumerable pillars marking out the

[1] See Plate X.

palaces of Hindu potentates, or spires indicating the spot where some favourite god or goddess happens to be worshipped. Above the Bhairava Ghat is a temple, the image within which is that of a Khotwal, who is supposed to ride through the city, by night, on an invisible dog. Standing beside this sacred spot is a priest, who, with his fan of peacock-feathers, attempts to protect visitors from evil spirits, but all the while has a keen eye to the money which he is to receive in return for such service. Above the Mir Ghat is a Nepali Temple, the carvings of which are distinctly indecent. Above the Manikaranaki Ghat, at the head of a long flight of stairs, is the Temple of Tarkeshwara, with its idol floating in a tank of water.[1] Not far off it is the place where the dead are burned.[2] Rising above a second flight of steps is a temple sacred to Ganesh, half-elephant, half-man, one of the most hideous of all the Hindu gods.

Instances like these show, at least, the degraded conceptions of deity which fill the Hindu mind. Perhaps better than anything else they indicate the low religious condition to which blinded ideas of sanctity and the rule of a corrupt priesthood have sunk millions of over-credulous people.

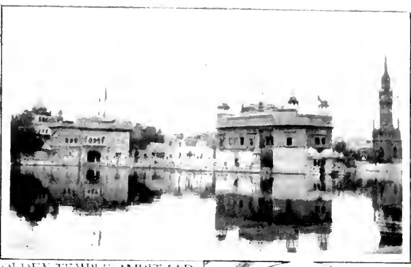
JAIN AND BUDDHIST.

The story of the majority of religious systems is almost invariably a record of development and reform. Early ideals come to be departed from, or fuller light upon life comes to be shed: hence the recognized need for some departure from a dead or decaying level of life. In India, as elsewhere, increase of religious systems

[1] See Plate X. [2] See Plate X.

PLATE X

SIKH.

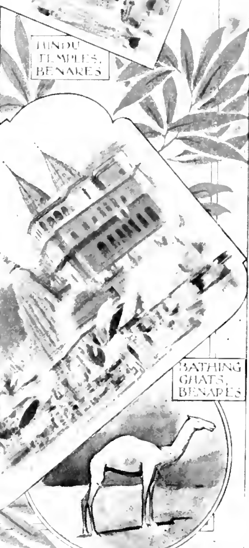

GOLDEN TEMPLE AMRITZAR.

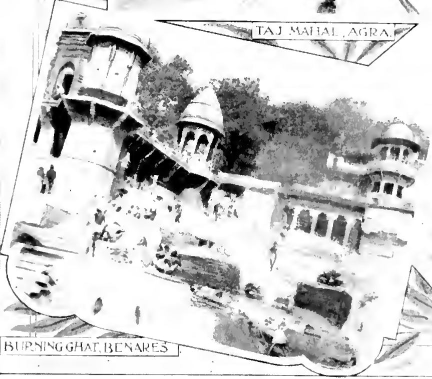
SIKH.

AN EKKA.

HINDU TEMPLES, BENARES.

TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.


BATHING GHATS, BENARES.


BURNING GHAT, BENARES.

may be said to have sprung from one or other of these causes. Time was when Brahminism, as developed from Vedhism, had to save itself from being intellectually and philosophically unsuited to the common mind of India by further developing into the Hinduism, whose features we have just been glancing at. Time also was when Brahminism had to know reform. In the sixth century before Christ arose two reformers—Mahavira, the founder of the religious system which afterwards came to be known as Jainism, and Sakyamuni, or Gautama, the founder of the religious system which afterwards came to be known as Buddhism. In some respect the beliefs and the religious rites of these religious systems resemble each other to such an extent that Jainism has been supposed to be only another form of Buddhism. Careful scholars have also noted differences which mark them off very distinctly from each other. Without going into details of the resemblances and the differences, inasmuch as these do not fall within the scope of this book, it is noteworthy that while Jainism, on the one hand, never became popular with the people of India, it has lingered on for centuries as the religion of the comparatively few; and that Buddhism, on the other hand, from becoming during the days of Asoka the most popular religion in India, has been gradually dying out, until it is practically non-existent, except in Burmah and among the Himalayas.

Perhaps a little information regarding the Temples of the Jains and the Buddhists will shed some light upon the facts to which we have just referred. It is generally admitted that the Jain Temples of India are among the finest of its structures. At Mount Abu in Rajputana, five noble buildings of white marble have

been erected, the minute delicacy of whose carvings stands almost unrivalled. Other Temples of great beauty are to be found at Girnar, Gwalior, and Khajuraho, in Northern India. But at Palitana, in Kathiawar, in Western India, stands a hill literally covered with temples, the structures of which vary from three feet square to large marble halls supported by massive columns and crowned by lofty spires. Fergusson, to whose "History of Architecture" we have already been indebted, describes these temples thus:—"They are situated in *tuks*, or separate enclosures, surrounded by high fortified walls; the smaller ones line the silent streets. A few *yati*, or priests, sleep in the temples, and perform the daily services, and a few attendants are constantly there to keep the place clean, or to feed the sacred pigeons, who are the sole denizens of the spot; but there are no human habitations, properly so called, within the walls. The pilgrim or stranger ascends in the morning, and returns when he has performed his devotions or satisfied his curiosity. He must not eat, or at least not cook his food, on the sacred hill, and he must not sleep there. It is the city of the gods, and meant for them only, and not intended for the use of mortals."[1]

But, it is of one group of Jain Temples, in Central India, as I myself saw them, that I may more especially speak. In the town of Seoni, about 100 miles north-east of Nagpore, several very striking Jain Temples[2] have been erected. To all appearance an immense deal of labour has been spent upon both their construction and their decoration. Surrounding a covered-in court, above which the spires rise, are to be found a number of

1 Fergusson's "History of Architecture," Vol. III., bk. II., p. 226.
2 See Plate XI.

little side-temples, each of which contains an image not at all unlike that of Buddha. In striking contrast to many of the images of deities which I had seen in Hindu temples was the beauty of nearly all of these figures. It was also noteworthy that, at the time of my visit, decorators and sculptors from Italy were busily at work upon the interior of the building. Fortunately our guide, as we passed through the sacred precincts, was a most intelligent Jain student, from the High School of the Original Secession Church. Without having the slightest ground to doubt the accuracy of information which he was in reality giving to the Principal of the School, we learned that the whole of the little side-temples were the property of the wealthy men of Seoni and its neighbourhood; also that the priests in attendance were maintained by these same wealthy proprietors, the idea dominant in the minds of the possessors being that the more they could do in this way the greater their chance of the highest bliss in the life or lives that are to follow. A walk round the outside of the main buildings revealed a number of little prison-like cells, said to be dormitories, in which pilgrims from a distance are allowed to sleep. Had we been fortunate enough to meet one of the priests we should have seen a man wearing a cloth over his mouth and constantly sweeping the floor with the skirts of his long robe, his belief in both cases being that he must do everything he possibly can to prevent the death of even the smallest insect that might find its way into his mouth or be trampled accidentally under foot. Whatever the tenets of the philosophy of the Jain, faith in the possible developments of life has made him strong in the desire to do everything he can to "acquire merit," and whatever his

faith with regard to the future, his belief in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls has given him a special regard for even the humblest of creatures.

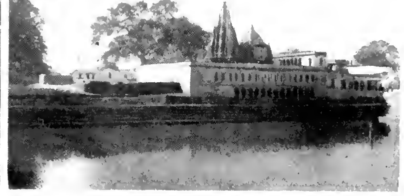
With the exception of a huge prayer-wheel, driven by mechanical means, and an ugly image of Buddha as these were to be found in a monastery near Kalimpong, I saw nothing approaching the nature of Buddhist worship in all my experience of India. In Ceylon it was different. Buddhist temples and Buddhist priests were everywhere. Of two of these temples, because of special impressions made upon myself, I may now speak. While residing for about a fortnight in Colombo, I paid repeated visits to the Buddhist Temple of Collapetty. The edifice itself was not imposing, nor did I ever see much of the worship of Buddha as carried on in connection with it. For the priest in attendance[1] I came to have an intense regard; for his personal kindness to myself I shall always feel grateful. With great minuteness he described to me the contents of a little museum filled mainly with mementos of Buddha. With equal care he explained the many images of Buddha to be found in various postures within and around the walls of the temple. To me the chief centre of interest was the priest himself.[2] Born a Prince of Siam, and educated in England with a view to being better fitted for State service, he had come to see the ideal of life for him in laying aside his royal garments, in donning the yellow robe of the Buddhist priest, and in endeavouring to find for himself and others "enlightenment," according to the example and teaching of Buddha. No one could mistake the transition through which he had passed: there, in his

[1] See Plate XI. [2] See Plate XI.

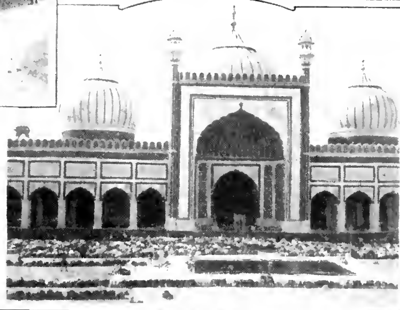
PLATE XI.

JAIN TEMPLES, SEONI.

HINDU GODS, CHAMBA


MONKEY TEMPLE, BENARES.

A BUDDHIST PRIEST.


MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE, DELHI.

TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, KANDY.

A HINDU PRIEST.

little Museum, were the actual robes and the actual State-decorations which he had laid aside; and there was even the sword which he had broken in two as a sign that he had for ever parted with the life of the past.

Two days spent in Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, enabled me to see something of the temple known as the Dalada Maligawa, more popularly called "The Temple of the Tooth."[1] As a structure the temple is not imposing. The most striking things in connection with it are perhaps the coloured frescoes in an outer court illustrating the torments of the Buddhist place of punishment, and an octagonal room in which is kept a very extensive Buddhist library. The most interesting thing is certainly the "Tooth" of Buddha. This relic is of discoloured ivory, about two inches long and one inch in diameter. Enshrined in a chamber held to be too sacred for any but privileged persons to enter, it is said to have been manufactured by Wikrama Bahu to take the place of an earlier tooth which had been burnt at Goa, whither it had been borne by Don Constantine de Braganza in 1560. Something of the importance which attaches to it may be gathered from the fact that "it reposes on a lotus flower of pure gold, hidden under seven concentric bell-shaped metal shrines, increasing in richness as they diminish in size, and containing jewels of much beauty." Attached to this temple I found a large number of priests,[2] and a herd of sacred elephants. For an hour or so I watched what was said to be Buddhist worship. Beyond the scrupulous care with which the priests adjusted their yellow robes, the particular attention paid to the lighting

1 See Plate XI. 2 See Plate XIII. 3 See Plate XIII.

of lamps, and the rude discordant music which issued from one part of the temple, there was not much to note. To me it revealed a side of Buddhism very different from that which I had found in the self-sacrificing priest at Collapetty. Whatever Buddhism in its ideals may mean, the "Temple of the Tooth" is unmistakably a witness to the superstition and the formalities which have been allowed to creep into an ancient religion.

Facts like these may afford somewhat slender ground upon which to go, when we seek to determine why Jainism, one of the reformed religions of India, should have lingered on as the religion of the comparative few, while Buddhism, at one time the popular reformed religion of the many, should have been blotted out, or absorbed, by the very Hinduism against which it was at one time a protest. When one thinks of Jainism, on the one hand, with its appeal for those who by their position are to a certain extent able to "acquire merit," and with its distinctly humanitarian side based on a belief in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, one can see some reason for the long and unbroken history which it has preserved. When one remembers, on the other hand, the superstition and the crude forms of worship which have been allowed to intrude themselves into practical Buddhism, one can see how easy it is for Hinduism, claiming Buddha, as it does, to be one of the incarnations of Vishnu, to absorb Buddhism within its all-embracing folds. Reform in the one case has lasted because it has adhered to its early ideals ; reform in the other case has decayed, because it has allowed older influences to draw it back.

SIKH.

Hundreds of years later than the days of Mahavira and Gautama arose a reformer of a very different type. About the year 1469, was born near Lahore, in the Panjab, Guru Baba Nanak Bedi. Before his day, a Sikh, named Kabir, had endeavoured to counteract the growing corruptions of Hinduism, but it was reserved for Nanak to put in definite form what proved the beginning of a most important reformation. Along two distinct lines the reform to which he gave a first impetus would seem to have developed. For the guidance of the Sikhs he began to write a book full of wise advices and singularly advanced moral ideas. When added to by five more Gurus or teachers, fourteen saints, and fifteen professional panegyrists, the book came to be known by the Sikhs as their sacred book or "Granth." Meanwhile a piece of land had been gifted to the Sikhs by Akbar. In this, the fourth Guru dug a large square tank, afterwards called Amritzar, "The pool of Immortality." Within this tank the fifth Guru built the "Golden Temple,"[1] and around this gradually grew up what is now known as the City of Amritzar. With these developments, the Sikh changed from being merely the puritan which the first Guru sought to make him to that of the war-like person we have come to know.

For our present purpose it is significant that Sikh worship now centres around this "Golden Temple" in the midst of the Tank, and more especially around the sacred book, called the "Granth." Towards forming an adequate idea of the Temple and the Granth, and more especially of the relationship between

[1] See Plate X.

the two, the following vivid description will be found helpful. "In the centre of the water rises the beautiful temple with its gilded dome and cupolas, approached by a marble causeway. In structure and appearance it may be regarded as a kind of compromise between a Hindu Temple and a Mohammedan Mosque. In point of mere size the shrine is not imposing, but its proportions strike one as nearly perfect. All the lower part is of marble, inlaid with precious stones, and here and there overlaid with gold and silver. The principal entrance looks towards the north. The interior is even more gorgeous than the exterior. On the ground floor is a well-proportioned vaulted hall. Four short passages lead to this vaulted chamber. All around on the outside is a narrow corridor. In the interior, opposite the principal entrance, sits the presiding Guru with the open Granth before him. He is attended by other officials of the temple, who assist him in chanting the sacred texts. The Granth is, in fact, the real divinity of the shrine, and is treated as if it had a veritable, personal existence. Every morning it is dressed out in costly brocade, and reverently placed on a low throne, under a jewelled canopy. All day long chowries are waved over the sacred volume, and every evening it is transported to the sacred temple, on the edge of the lake opposite the causeway, where it is said to repose for the night in a golden bed, within a consecrated chamber, railed off and protected from all profane intrusion by bolts and bars."[1]

We all admire the Sikh. From his noble bearing and his splendid character, above all from the fidelity with which he has supported British rule in India, we

[1] See Sir Monier Williams, "Religious Life and Thought in India," p. 175-7.

have come to regard him with peculiar interest. Details such as those which I have mentioned, at least shew that he is not an idolator in the sense that the Hindu, the Jain, or Buddhist is. He may worship his "Sacred Granth," and he may bathe for purification in the "Sacred Tank" which surrounds the Golden Temple, but he has gone far in search of life and light, and, like the Parsi, in some respects he is "not far from the kingdom of God."

MOHAMMEDAN.

Of the religious systems which have been introduced to India from *other* lands first in order of time comes Christianity; but the worship of its churches and mission-buildings do not fall within the scope of this chapter. Next in order of consideration comes Mohammedanism, with its introduction to India about the middle of the seventh century of the Christian Era.

Space will only permit of a mere mention of three features of this religious system, (1) its fundamental principle,—"There is no God, but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God"; (2) its four great duties—daily prayer, the giving of alms, the fast of Ramazan, and a pilgrimage to Mecca; (3) its Koran or sacred Scripture. All that we can now do is to watch this religious system in operation in one or two of its places of worship.

Mention has already been made of several Mohammedan mosques which I had the privilege of visiting. Of only two would I now speak. A visit paid to the Jumma Musjid, in Delhi, the largest Mohammedan mosque in the world, enabled me to see something of the sanctities of this place. Entering the great open

quadrangle in which the worshippers range themselves for prayer, we studied for a short time the tank in the centre of the open space.[1] Tempted to study sacred spots a little more minutely, we found that it would be possible for us to enter the open court beneath the domes, to examine the little places marked off for prayer, to see the pulpit and the flight of steps from which the mulvi or Mohammedan priest is wont to direct the faithful. Under a condition which might be fulfilled in one or other of two ways, we were permitted to enter these holy places. Our shoes had either to be "put off our feet" or covered with larger shoes specially provided for this purpose. Needless to say the condition was one which we were not reluctant to fulfil. In a pavilion, situated in the north-east corner of the quadrangle, are kept a number of ancient Mohammedan manuscripts and several reputed relics of the "Prophet." By paying a rupee we were privileged to see something of these. Among the manuscripts we found a Koran, written by Kufik, and dating from the 7th Century of our Christian Era; another written by the Imam Husain, very distinct and very well preserved; and another by the Imam Hasan, with its earlier pages very much crumpled. Among the relics or reputed relics we found the Kafsh-i-Mubarak, or "Prophet's Slipper," filled with jasmine; the Kadmul-Mubarak, or "Footprint of the Prophet," impressed upon a stone; a Mui-i-Mubarak, or hair of the Prophet's moustache, and part of the canopy which covers the Prophet's tomb. By about half-past twelve o'clock we had seated ourselves, camera in hand, in one of the balconies facing the three great domes.[2] It was

[1] See Plate XI. [2] See Plate XI.

Friday, and service was about to begin. From half-past twelve o'clock the faithful followers of the Prophet streamed into the open quadrangle, proceeded reverently to the tank for the purpose of bathing their hands and their faces, and finally ranged themselves in positions from which they might be ready, at the first call of the mulvi, to place themselves in rows. Precisely at one o'clock a priest ascended the steps under the largest dome, and by certain calls, which we were too far off to distinguish, succeeded in guiding for about half an hour the different postures into which the Mahommedans placed their bodies. To one ignorant of the precise meaning of these prostrations, the whole worship seemed to be largely mechanical; to the reverent worshipper, it doubtless meant something more. When service seemed over, or nearly over, four men carrying a black box upon their shoulders, brought their burden and laid it down at the corner of the tank in which the worshippers had been bathing. Our first conjecture was that perhaps it contained a dead body which had been brought there for the purpose of some religious ceremony. We afterwards learned that it contained a woman who had been brought in "pardah," or concealment, as the only possible way in which she could be present. When we remember that one of the Mohammedan beliefs is that one prayer in a mosque is worth twenty-five in a private dwelling, we can understand the desire on the part of this woman to be one of the worshippers. When we also remember that this person was the only woman in the vast crowd of worshippers, we can see how far the Oriental disability which attaches to women has entered into the sacred as well as the secular side of life.

Of the second of the two mosques to which I propose to refer little need be said. I mention it because of its unique situation and its outstanding history. The visitor to Benares sees more than a river-bank crowded with Hindu temples and Hindu palaces. Conspicuous by its solitary minarets, and seemingly entirely out of place, stands there, too, the Mosque of Aurungzeb. Built purposely to insult the Hindus, and on the site of a famous Hindu temple, it has led to no end of unpleasantness. A few of the faithful followers of the Prophet gather every Friday for a short service in this isolated place of worship, but the state of native feeling may be judged from the fact that the Hindus claim the court-yard between the mosque and the wall, and will not allow the Moslems to enter by the front of the mosque, but only on one side. The Moslems have built a gateway in front of the mosque; but no Moslem can enter by it, for the space between the pillars has been built up. A tree, known as *ficus religiosa*, overshadows the gateway and the road, but the Hindus will not suffer the Moslems to touch a leaf of it. By the help of somewhat narrow steps I climbed one of the minarets of this famous mosque, and was rewarded by obtaining an extensive view of the Sacred City. Looking over crowded surroundings, I seemed to be raised for the time being above religious antipathies, and to see only one vast network of Hinduism cast over 200,000 people. But there in the court-yard below, and there in the suspicious look cast by native upon native, were the signs of a race-hatred which religion has certainly embittered, and which in all likelihood would take many years, if not the influence of another religion, completely to overthrow.

PARSI.

Of the arrival of the Parsis in India, and of the causes which led to their migration from their native land of Persia, I have already spoken. Like other exiles they carried their religion with them. Across the Arabian Sea they bore the fire which they believed to have been brought down by Zoroaster from heaven. Zoroastrianism had been the mainstay of their life for generations in their native land, and for thirteen centuries, in a more or less corrupted form, the Parsis have made it the strength of their religious life in Western India.

Had space permitted, Zoroastrianism could have been shewn to have been influenced, even in its native land, by Judaism and Christianity. Cyrus, of whom Isaiah speaks, was a Zoroastrian whom God girded though he knew Him not.[1] The Magi or "Wise Men" who came from the East to worship Christ at His birth belonged to the same faith. Suffice it now to note the following points with regard to it. (1) Its worship, though seemingly that of fire, is in reality paid to one good influence, Ahura-Madza, or Ormudz. (2) It knows nothing of images. (3) It associates nothing immoral with its objects of worship. (4) It sets great store upon good deeds, thoughts and words. (5) It bids its followers take an active part in destroying evil and bringing in good. (6) It gives the hope that evil will be finally overcome. (7) It forbids polygamy, and in every way respects womanhood. Its Sacred Books are known by the name of Zend-Avesta, Avesta being the term used to denote the doctrines, and Zend the term applied to their interpretation. Its Priests are called

[1] Prophecies of Isaiah xlv. 5.

Magi, and bear a strong resemblance to Jewish Priests and Jewish Levites. Its worship knows nothing of singing, reading or preaching, and can hardly be said to have anything "public" associated with it. Out of regard for the elements, the Parsis neither bury nor burn their dead, but dispose of their corpses by leaving them to be devoured by vultures in the "Towers of Silence."

Perhaps a glimpse of Parsi temples and temple-worship will give a more vivid idea of this religious system. In Bombay there are three leading Parsi temples, one erected in 1780, another in 1830, and another in 1844. All were built by wealthy Parsis. Within these, as within other Parsi temples, fire is kept constantly burning. For this reason the Parsis have been called fire-worshippers and their places of worship fire-temples. Unlike their co-religionists in India the Parsis do not seem to have attached any importance to an elegant structure. Their temples are buildings of merely one storey in height, and generally without ornament. In the matter of arrangement they consist of three apartments not at all unlike the divisions of the ancient Hebrew Temple. The outer apartment is usually large and is the place where the priests and people meet. The second apartment is invariably a small square room hung round with bells which the worshipper rings. The third apartment is reserved for the priest. Dressed in a long white robe, with hands covered and face veiled, the occupant of this inmost shrine finds his principal work in tending a fire which burns in an urn of silver or of bronze. No greater calamity could befall a temple than that the fire should die out. At the entrance to this sacred spot the Parsi worshipper lays down his offering

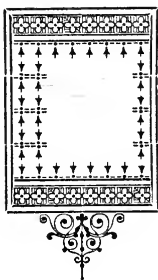
of fragrant sandal-wood, the priest in turn takes it up with a pair of tongs and gives the worshipper back some ashes in a small brass spoon. While this is being done the worshipper faces the fire and prays in Zend.

Under the influence of worship such as this, and with the help of beliefs such as those we have already mentioned, the Parsi has risen to a religious position far above that to which any of his co-religionists in India have attained. By the more illiterate worshippers it may be that fire is reverenced just as the sun, moon and stars would be, but to the educated the fire is only a symbol of the Almighty fountain of light. A confession of faith recently given expression to by a Parsi chief-priest certainly points in this direction. "The one holy and glorious Creator of both worlds I acknowledge. He has no form and no equal. There was nothing before Him. He always is and always will remain. God has no shape. He is enveloped in pure, holy, brilliant, incomparable light. No one can adequately praise Him. Among the visibles He is invisible. The Lord is greatly superior to angels. He is present in every place. He is Almighty. He is most just and wise. He is worthy of service and praise, and imperative in His demands for obedience." Time was when Parsiism, like other religious systems in India, was in process of being corrupted by Hinduism. Under the indirect influence of Christian culture and Christian education it has risen to a higher faith and come to behold a clearer light than it has ever yet known. Exactly what may be its future we can only dimly guess. It has reached a social stage when many of its professed followers are among the most honoured citizens and the most philanthropic of men; it has reached a religious stage when

in many respects, the dividing line between Christianity and it does not seem to be very broad. It may be that the day is not far off when the follower of Zoroaster will prefer to follow Christ. We may at least say that in seeking to bring many of the peoples of India to a clearer light and a better faith, Christianity has touched in Parsiism that which is nearest of all to "The Kingdom of God." Of the hopefulness and the possibilities of the Parsi faith no sincere worker in the cause of Christ can ever lose sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

In the Central Provinces.



HEN the Aryans entered India by the North-West passes, and fought their decisive battles in the Panjab, they either exterminated the aboriginal inhabitants or drove them to the north and the south. The Central Provinces of India, have thus come to be peopled, to a large extent, by a Dravidian or aboriginal race. Instead of the clear-cut features of the Rajput and the Sikh, we now find ourselves among a people with dark skin, thick lip, flat nose and woolly hair, known by the name of Gonds. Not all the population of this district are of this type: an almost inevitable migration of races has, in course of time, blended the Aryan with the Non-Aryan. But the Central Provinces may be regarded as the home of the Gond: at one time the whole district was known by the name of Gondwana.

Time has also served to produce a very marked mixture among the religious faiths of the people. From the most recent statistics, supplied to me by the kindness of the Secretary of State for India, I find that the population of the Central Provinces (including Berar) amounted in 1901 to 5,936,502 males and 6,055,168

females, divided in the matter of their religious faith as follows:—Hindus, 9,964,151; Sikhs, 1,926; Jains, 66,931; Buddhists, 169; Parsis, 499; Mohammedans, 503,792; Christians, 26,470; Jews, 130; Animists, 1,426,602. Of these the Animists, or worshippers of Evil Spirits, may be said to represent the more or less uncorrupted faith of the aboriginal inhabitants.

But it is of Seoni, a district in the Central Provinces, that this chapter must speak. A visit paid to this place, for reasons to be afterwards mentioned, has led me to know something of it in particular.

By drawing a line straight across India, from Bombay to Calcutta, and fixing on a point in this line, nearly equidistant from both cities, the location of Seoni, in the map of India, may be found slightly north of this point. Its size, population, and configuration have been minutely described by one who resided in it as a missionary for many years.[1] "The area of the Seoni district, reduced a good many years ago in order to the formation of the adjoining district of Balaghat, is 3,247 square miles, or almost as extensive as the combined areas of the four counties of Nairn, Elgin, Banff, and Aberdeen. In 1881 the population, 103 per square mile, numbered 334,733, or nearly 5,000 above that of Edinburgh and Leith combined. The Great Northern road passes through the district from north to south for about 90 miles; and the breadth of the district from east to west varies from say 30 to 50 miles. The greater part of the district is on the high table land formed by the Satpura range of hills, of which it is the eastern part, about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea or more. Towards the north, there is a steep descent to the valley of the

[1] Rev. Geo. Anderson, Bridgeton, Glasgow.

Nerbudda; eastward to the valleys of the Thanwar and of the Waingunga; and southward to the low-lying land of the Nagpur district. Westward the plateau is continued through the Chhindwara and other districts. These descents, or ascents as the case may be, are commonly called Ghats, and some of them present very grand and picturesque scenery. The best known of the Seoni Ghats is probably the Korai one, so called from the village of Korai, twenty-one miles to the south of the town of Seoni, and situated almost at the foot of the Ghat. In a comparatively short distance the descent is not much short of 1,000 feet; and the view from the top is charming. As far as the eye can reach, there is a stretch of forest, with beautiful green spots interspersed here and there, indicating the existence of villages in the heart of it."

Comparatively unknown to the general reader though the district of Seoni (or Seonee, according to old spelling) may be, it is not uninteresting to note a few instances in which it has been referred to. In addition to finding a natural place in the "Gazetteer of the Central Provinces," as edited by Sir Charles Grant, it is described by Captain J. Forsyth in "The Highlands of Central India." More interesting still is its place in the "Confessions of a Thug," by Colonel Meadows Taylor, in which the wholesale murders and robberies which were carried on in this district are referred to. R. A. Sterndale has written a book entitled "Seonee," dealing largely with sport and adventure, and Kipling in his "Jungle Books" has given Seoni as the local habitation for "Mowgli" and the "Seoni Wolf Pack."

For two reasons the name Chhapara has been added

to that of Seoni. Partly to distinguish it from other towns of the same name in the Central Provinces, and partly to recall the ancient seat of government which Seoni has displaced, this distinctive title has been given. Although in a somewhat smaller way, Seoni may be said to be to Chhapara what we have already found Jaipur, in Rajputana, to be to Amber. Previous to the founding of Seoni in 1774 by Muhammed Amin Khan, Chhapara, a place twenty-one miles to the north, had been the seat of Government. Just as the ruined Amber maintains its old historic connections with the more modern Jaipur, so does the ruined Chhapara maintain its historic connection with the more modern Seoni. Of Amber, with its deserted streets and ruined temples, I have already spoken. To a fort in Chhapara built by Rajah Ram Singh, Kipling's words apply: "Trees had grown into and out of the walls; the battlements were tumbled down and decayed, and wild creepers hung out of the windows of the towers on the walls of bushy hanging clumps."[1]

Within the town of Seoni the most striking places are the Jain Temples, as already described; the Dil Sagar Tank, an artifical pond about a mile in circumference, and with a beautiful palm-covered islet in its midst; and the large but decaying edifice of a Mohammedan, popularly spoken of as the Diwan, whose forefathers were deprived of their power by the strong hand of the Mahrattas. In its own way each of these is suggestive. The Jain Temples indicate the presence of a number of wealthy people in the town or district. The Dil Sagar tells of efforts made in the direction of a water supply for the dry season. The

[1] "The Jungle Book," page 50.

residence of the Diwan in the town of Seoni, and his ownership of several villages in the neighbourhood, suggests the time when the British Government, in taking over the whole district in 1818, realized the depressed circumstances of this head of an ancient family, and by making over to him a number of villages in the neighbourhood, were rewarded by the fidelity of his successors during the time of the Indian Mutiny.

The district of Seoni, like the majority of districts in India, is a land of villages. With the exception of Seoni and its population of 10,000, the whole inhabitants of the district may be said to be found within 1463 villages. As a general rule, these villages are centres of agriculture, while the town of Seoni has come to be the great market place.

Perhaps a more detailed account of what I myself saw in the town of Seoni will form a supplement to what has just been stated.

I arrived at Seoni between one and two o'clock in the early morning of Thursday, 16th March. To get there I had to leave Darjeeling on Monday morning, about nine o'clock, and between that hour and the time of my arrival at Seoni, I had been in the train almost day and night. With the exception of a short time at Kurseong, on the Himalayan Railway, two hours in Calcutta, and a short interval at Gondia, I had scarcely left the train. My journey would cover not less than a thousand miles. Still, I did not object to the long route. Travelling was both pleasant and profitable. My carriage companions were invariably men who were kind enough to offer me a good deal of information. Between Siliguri and Calcutta my carriage companion

was a young tea-planter from the Terai, who had a good deal to say in praise of the mission-work which is being carried on at Darjeeling and Kalimpong. Between Calcutta and Gondia my companion was a doctor stationed at Nagpur who had many things to tell of the localities through which we passed. Above all, the prospect of visiting this mission was enough in itself to counteract anything tedious or disagreeable that I might have experienced in the course of the journey. I could remember the start of the Original Secession Mission in Seoni, when the Rev. Geo. Anderson was sent out by his Church as their first missionary in 1871. The young people of the Congregations at home were furnished with missionary boxes into which they might put their pennies, and I could recollect the zeal with which I saved for this purpose any small coins that happened to come into my possession. I had the feeling that by contributing in this way, I did a little towards putting a few small stones into the foundation of the Mission. Added to this were requests from the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, and the Rev. Professor Morton, that I should, if possible, visit this mission.

Not many years ago, Seoni could only have been reached from Nagpur by a journey of about eighty miles in a bullock-cart. From Gondia, the railway station at which I left the main line between Calcutta and Bombay, the journey to Seoni is now made by a recently-constructed railway. Judging from the number of natives who stood watching the train at the railway stations, it was evident that to the people of these districts it was still a novelty, and judging from the jolting to which the railway carriages were subjected,

it was equally evident that some improvement in the "permanent way" is much required.

On arriving at the railway station of Seoni, I was met by the Rev. John M'Neel, the highly esteemed missionary of the Original Secession Church. He had provided a bullock-tonga for my conveyance to his bungalow; and as we journeyed together to the music of bells, hung from the necks of fast-trotting bullocks, and under a moon-lit sky, the experience was at once novel and pleasing. As we drove through the town of Seoni, I could see that it was possessed of much that was beautiful. Its wide streets, handsome temples, and large water tanks or ponds, gave it an attractive appearance. For the next two days I had abundant opportunities of seeing for myself much that confirmed these early impressions.

Before retiring to my room for a few hours' rest, Mr. M'Neel informed me that, in all likelihood, I should be awakened about 6 a.m. by the singing of the orphan boys in the mission compound, it being their custom to begin each day with a religious service. My experience was exactly as he had predicted. My early morning sleep was broken by the sound of words with which I was altogether unfamiliar, but by the music of a Psalm tune which I had known from my boyhood. After *chhoti haziri*, or early breakfast, I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. M'Neel on a round of inspection. The places visited were a home for aged women, a girls' orphanage, and a boys' orphanage. In each case the buildings were very plain and unpretentious, but scrupulously clean and comfortable. The aged people seemed happy, and the orphan children healthy. There are those who talk of the natives who are thus cared for as "rice and curry

Christians," hinting thereby that they are simply converts because of what they can get from a Mission. When it is remembered that those whom I now saw were persons who had been rescued from the effects of plague or famine, it must be felt that the mission which takes up such work has something to commend it.

By ten o'clock, Mr. M'Neel and I had seated ourselves in the mission tonga, with a view to visiting the schools connected with the mission. Before starting I had been reminded of the fact that the date of my visit, from the point of view of school inspection, was unfortunate. The time happened to be that of the Mohammedan festival, known as Muharram. During these days, the followers of the Prophet throughout the whole of the Mohammedan world were commemorating the deaths of Hasan and Husain, the two sons of Ali, by Fatimah, the daughter of Mohammed. As a consequence no school was being held. In prospect of my visit, both teachers and scholars had, however, agreed to come to school for a short time in the forenoon of that day. Passing into the high school I found the word "Welcome" painted in large letters. Going from room to room, I saw in the higher classes young men of about twenty years of age preparing themselves for professional life; in the intermediate classes lads who might either pass to a higher class or content themselves with the education which had fitted them for the ordinary business of life; and in the lower classes a still larger number who were laying the foundation of an education that could not but help them. In all, about 300 pupils were present. I had no opportunity of hearing the teaching which is given in these respective classes, but several of the pupils recited, with considerable evidence

of ability, pieces of literature in Persian, Hindi, Urdu, Sanskrit, and English. Outside the school I had an opportunity of witnessing a gymnastic display which might have done credit to the pupils of any educational institution.

My next visit was to the girls' school, under the charge of Dr. Grant, a lady missionary. The unexpected certainly happened when I found myself all too lavishly decorated with garlands, which the little girls had brought to school for this purpose. It also gave me some idea of the estimate which had been placed upon my visit when I saw flags flying from the roof of the building, and words of welcome copiously placed upon the walls. Apart altogether from this, my visit to this school was intensely interesting. Holiday though it was, the building was crowded by a number of bright young people, and there was every evidence that an excellent education was being given.

Owing to the intense heat, the early afternoon was devoted partly to rest and partly to preparations for an interesting marriage cermony that was to take place later on in the course of the day. Robert Thomas, a native servant in one of the bungalows, had chosen for his bride, Kariman, one of the elder orphan girls;[1] and that afternoon their marriage was to be celebrated in the mission church. By four o'clock the church was crowded by the English-speaking people in the district, and many natives from the Mission compound. The bride, with another orphan girl as bride's-maid, having taken their places alongside of the bridegroom, and in front of the missionary and myself, the service commenced with the singing of the One Hundredth Psalm,

[1] See Plate XII.

and was continued by prayer, the reading of Scripture, the usual part of the marriage ceremony, and the giving of an address to the young people. I had the honour of concluding the service by pronouncing the benediction in English. Following upon this brief but interesting ceremony, the friends of the bride and bridegroom were entertained to tea in the verandah of the mission bungalow; while the young couple themselves went for a honeymoon drive in a bullock-tonga belonging to the mission.[1] On their return, the happy couple received the hearty congratulations of the assembled guests.

A ceremony more striking in its simplicity, and more significant in its contrast to the customary Hindu weddings, could scarcely have been witnessed. According to Hindu forms, the ceremonies might have gone on for weeks, and would have perhaps burdened the young people with debt, for life.

The early evening was spent in visiting a new school and hostel which are being erected for the mission. So much has the educational work of the Original Secession Mission commended itself to the Government of the Central Provinces that an excellent site in the town has been granted, and a considerable sum of money has been given, for the purpose of erecting these buildings. For lack of funds the school has not been quite finished; but from a very careful examination of the building as it stood, I could see that an excellent edifice was being raised. The hostel was nearly finished, and seemed to me in every way to be well adapted for the purposes of boarding pupils who would come from a distance. Among the workmen engaged in constructing the building I found several who had

[1] See Plate XII.

OFF FOR A HONEYMOON, SEONI.

KEEPING A MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVAL.

DRAWING WATER FROM A WELL, SEONI.

A MARRIAGE PARTY, SEONI.

MARRIAGE PRESENTS.

been brought up in the mission orphanage, and were now working with special zeal at this most congenial occupation.

It ought to be said that this handsome building had all been planned by the missionary himself, and that the whole of the work, from the burning of the bricks to the inserting of them in the walls of the structure, had been under his constant care. It is not usual to find one whose sphere is so much spiritual at once an architect and a clerk of works. All the more does it say for this mission that it has at the head of it one who is not only so capable but so many-sided. When this school, and its accompanying hostel, have been completed, the buildings will be among the most handsome in the town, and the school equipment will be one of the best in the whole of the Central Provinces. It is expected that before long the whole of the education of the town will be carried on in the building; and even as it is, the instruction of the young in Seoni is very largely given over by the Government to the missionary and his agents.

A quiet evening at the mission bungalow was spent in the company of Mr. Finlay, Assistant Commissioner for the district, one of the rising young men of India, and, singularly enough, himself a son of a late well-known minister of the Original Secession Church.

Next morning from eight to ten o'clock I was busy with my camera. It had been arranged before the marriage party, to which I have already referred, broke up, that I should pay a visit to the new home of the bride and bridegroom for the purpose of photographing the presents[1] which had been given by the Mission.

[1] See Plate XII.

Previous to doing this I spent some time in photographing scenes and incidents connected with the life of the people in the Mission compound. There I saw water being drawn from a deep well in Eastern fashion;[1] women coming for water with their pots on their heads; and water being carried by the gardeners according to Indian methods.

In the forenoon, Mr. M'Neel and I drove into Seoni for the purpose of seeing something of the way in which the festival of Muharram is observed. The whole town seemed to be on holiday. In Indian language the inhabitants were holding a *tamasha*. In front of crowds of people, huge temple-looking structures called tazias,[2] were being carried. Wondering at the ease with which these were borne, I learned that they had been made of bamboo, and were simply covered over with coloured paper. Questioning as to their meaning, I was told that they were intended to suggest the bier upon which the murdered sons of Fatimah were carried. Curious to know the use to which they would ultimately be put, I was informed that after a few days they would be thrown into water or buried in the ground. Whatever the idea originally beneath the festival of Muharram, it seemed on this occasion to have very little of mourning connected with it. Most of the people in the procession were bent upon enjoying themselves. Some, dressed as acrobats, were engaging in all sorts of tricks; others, dressed as tigers and imitating their movements, were deporting themselves for the amusement of the crowd.

From the excitement of the street it was a relief to turn to the quiet dispensary in which Dr. Grant carries on her beneficent work. In a very humble,

1 See Plate XII. 2 See Plate XII.

primitive-looking building, not at all well adapted for the purpose, this devoted medical missionary alleviates many a pain and helps to heal many a sufferer. From an examination of the books, in which a record is kept, I found that during 1904 more than 10,000 visits had been paid to her, and that her advice had been given in a great variety of interesting and necessitous cases. One has only to realise what this means to be assured of the beneficence of this kind of mission work.

Before returning to the Mission bungalow, Mr. M'Neel took me through several parts of the town. Each of these seemed to be more or less the abode of distinct classes of the people. Last of all, he took me to what must be appropriately called "the Christian quarter." On a piece of land, which he himself had purchased for the purpose, there had been erected a number of very plain, but substantial cottages, as houses for the Christians. When one remembers how difficult it is for those who adopt the Christian life to live it out among heathen surroundings, one can understand the value, if not the absolute need, of such a quarter.

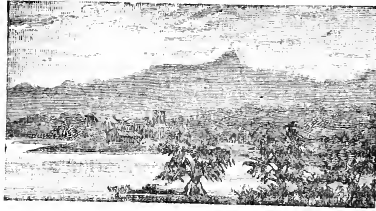
Our next visit was to a native Christian cemetery, modelled upon the lines of many of our own burying-places. The Hindus burn their dead: the Mohammedans inter theirs. One has only to see a Mohammedan cemetery, with all its open, uncared for appearance, to realise, as I did at Seoni, what a difference Christian feeling can make. A substantial wall encloses here a well-kept plot of ground; neat stones mark the resting places of the Christian dead; while flowers and plants do their utmost to brighten a place which in itself is only too apt to suggest gloom.

Later in the day, at the invitation of one of the

native Christians I had a meal in a very humble home. The food supplied was of a very diversified kind. I could not say that, in every instance, it was quite palatable. But my host and hostess had done so much to make their humble dwelling bright with lighted tapers and simple ornaments, and their food had been offered in such a kindly spirit, that I could not but appreciate their hospitality.

Following upon this I was taken by the missionary for some miles into the country, to see a place which he calls "the village," but which is in reality the mission farm. Surrounding a number of very primitive-looking dwellings, are something like 600 acres of land, all given by the Government to the missionary for the purpose of being wrought and farmed by his orphan boys or native Christians. The spot seemed an ideal one for such an experiment; and I would not be surprised to find in days to come that it has proved itself a most helpful adjunct to other Christian work.

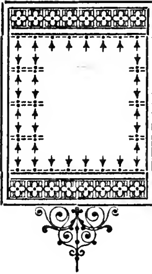
Summarising one or two of my impressions with regard to this mission, I ought to add that I was struck, first of all, by its many-sidedness. Secondly, I was impressed by the attitude taken up by the Government towards it. Thirdly, I was impressed by the respect paid to the missionaries by the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. Fourthly, I was very much struck by the character and abilities of the missionaries themselves. The mission at Seoni is one of which any Church might be proud; its missionaries are men and women whom any congregation might be pleased to support; and its effort is distinctly upon lines that make for the Kingdom of God.



Adam's Peak, Ceylon.

CHAPTER IX.

Homeward by Ceylon.



IN ordinary circumstances, my visit to India should have concluded with the Mission Stations of the Church of Scotland at Madras and Arkonam. For many years a most interesting educational work has been carried on at Madras, and a very successful evangelistic work at Arkonam. These missions taken together have upwards of 800 Christians connected with them, while the pupils in the schools and the students in the Mission College number fully 1100. Much as I should have liked to have visited these stations and to have made the acquaintance of missionaries of whom I had heard a good deal, a promise to visit relatives in Colombo had to be kept, and my return journey from Calcutta had to be made by way of Ceylon.

Central India had been left on the evening of Friday, 17th March, and, in the early morning of the following Sunday, Calcutta was reached. It had been arranged that I should be the guest of Principal Wann and Professor George Bruce at the General Assembly's Institution, Calcutta. Both were old friends, the former

having spent his early days in Perth and the latter in Errol. It had also been arranged that I should conduct evening service in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. For me in each case, the arrangement was very fortunate. My stay with my hosts was at once pleasant and instructive. The service in the evening enabled me to see something of a beautiful church and of a large congregation connected with the Church of Scotland. On Sunday afternoon, I saw something of the Christian instruction which Principal Wann gives to students who may come to him privately as seekers after Truth. On Monday, I heard Professors Bruce and Lamb conducting their classes, and paid a visit to the Ladies' Mission House at Bow Bazaar. Something of the extent of the educational work which is being carried on in connection with the General Assembly's Institution may be gathered from the fact that latest statistics record an enrolment of 643 college students and 624 scholars. An idea of the worth of the ladies' work may also be formed from reports telling of visits paid to 71 zenanas, and an enrolment of fully 1000 pupils in the schools.

To the educational and evangelistic work at present being done in the Capital of India the Church of Scotland has undoubtedly given her best men and women.

My passage to Colombo had been booked by the "Sardinia" for the morning of Tuesday, 21st March, and with much reluctance I parted with Principal Wann and Professor Bruce. In many respects the voyage down the Hooghly did not lack interest. A study of the life on both sides revealed a very happy combination of the commercial and the picturesque.

On the Calcutta side could be seen many chimney stacks with their indication of industry. On both banks of the river could be seen palm-covered villages and luxuriant trees. It was scarcely so pleasant to find that the "Sardinia" had to anchor for several hours at "Mud Point," and to wait the rising of the morning tide before she could proceed. From the muddy nature of the waters of the Hooghly we were not surprised to be told that navigation is oftentimes difficult; from a knowledge of the further fact that the mud-banks are constantly changing we could understand the need for the help of the highest possible tide.

For the next five days a voyage through the comparatively calm waters of the Bay of Bengal brought us gradually nearer the Island of Ceylon. On the evening of Saturday, 25th March, Adam's Peak[1] came in sight, and on the following forenoon the "Sardinia" anchored in the harbour of Colombo.

Not even the liveliest imagination could convince me that the air was laden with "spicy breezes." There could be no question of the pleasingness of the prospect. We had cast anchor in what is said to be "one of the largest and safest harbours in the world." As a matter of fact, we were now within a water-area of 500 acres, protected by a noble break-water 4000 feet in length. Merchant ships from all parts of the world, and war-ships belonging to several nations, crowded the harbour. Out and in among the larger craft darted little punts paddled, in the most primitive fashion, by Tamil boys ready to dive for any coin which passengers might throw into the water. Only exceeding these in

[1] See sketch at the head of this chapter.

interest were the numerous "catamarans," or native Singhalese boats, so narrow in their construction as to suggest danger, and yet so ingenious in their outrigger arrangement as to combine speed with safety in the most striking manner.

Ceylon is an island with an area of about 25,000 square miles and a population of over 3,000,000. Of its peoples, 2,000,000 are Singhalese and Veddahs; 800,000 are incomers from Southern India; while only about 6000 are Europeans.

In the year 1505, the Portuguese built a factory at Colombo and endeavoured to establish themselves in the island. In 1518, they sought to strengthen their position by building a Fort around the factory. In their efforts to penetrate as far as Kandy, the ancient Capital of the island, they were almost invariably unsuccessful. In 1602, the Dutch landed on the east coast of the island and endeavoured to enter into friendly relationships with the natives. From 1638 to 1658 a struggle between the Portuguese on the one hand, and the Dutch, with the help of the natives of the island, on the other, ended in the triumph of the Dutch and the expulsion of the Portuguese. For nearly a century and a half the Dutch practically ruled the island, and for the sake of strengthening themselves added to the Fort. In 1796 the Dutch were expelled by the English, and in 1798 Ceylon became a Crown Colony of Great Britain.

"It is impossible," says Sir Edwin Arnold, "to exaggerate the natural beauty of Ceylon. Belted with a double girdle of golden sands and waving palm-groves, the interior is one vast green garden of nature, deliciously disposed into plain and highland, valley and

peak, where almost everything, known to the tropical world, grows under a sky glowing with an equatorial sun, yet tempered by the cool sea-winds. Colombo itself, outside the actual town, is a perfect labyrinth of shady bowers and flowers, streams and lakes. For miles and miles you drive about under arbours of feathery bamboos, broad-leaved bread-fruit trees, talipot and areca palms, cocoa-nut groves, and stretches of rice-fields, cinnamon and sugar-cane, amid which at night the fire-flies dart about in glittering clusters. The lowest hut is embosomed in palm-fronds and the bright crimson blossoms of the hibiscus; while wherever intelligent cultivation aids the prolific force of nature, there is enough in the profusion of nutmegs and all-spice, of the india rubber and cinchonas, of cannas, dracaenas, crotons, and other wonders of the Singhalese flora, to give an endless and delighted study to the lover of nature."

But we land upon the island, and one or two impressions, with regard to Colombo, are speedily made upon us. That tea is one of the leading articles of its export trade is witnessed by the hundreds of pairs of humped Indian oxen[1] to be seen drawing thousands of chests of tea to the harbour. That the rickshaw is the favourite mode of conveyance is evidenced by the ubiquitous presence of this vehicle drawn by fleet-footed natives. That the town itself is at once modern and prosperous is shewn by broad streets, excellent roads and fine buildings.

Turning first of all to the left, we find ourselves in the native quarter, known as the Pettah. Its denizens are evidently a very mixed multitude—Singhalese, Tamils,

See Plate XIII. [2] See Plate I.

Moors, Parsis, Portuguese, Dutch, Malays, and Afghans. Their costumes vary from the simplest loin-cloth of the coolie to the elaborate dress of the rich, high-caste native. Their complexions range from the sienna of the Singhalese to the swarthy black of the Tamil. The Singhali may be known by the way in which he twists his long hair into a knot behind his head, and fastens the whole arrangement by a tortoiseshell comb of more or less beauty. The Tamil may be recognized by his scant clothing, or by the religious symbols which he displays upon his forehead. The Parsi may be distinguished by his curiously shaped hat; the European by his paler cast of countenance; and the Afghan by his gaudy attire. Nearly all spend their time, and carry on their work, in the open air. Merchants stand behind counters open to the street; workmen engage in their trades with scarcely a roof to cover them; even the women carry on their domestic work, "observed of all observers." We can understand a distinguished authoress when she describes the whole life of the Pettah as "an ever fascinating kaleidoscope," and the general opinion of those who visit Colombo when they say that an hour in the native quarter is one of the most interesting of experiences.

But attractive though all this may be, a drive through what is known as "residential Colombo" reveals much that justifies the reputation for beauty which has been earned by Colombo. Following the road to the south we pass through a large open green, known as Galle Face, with an esplanade of about one mile in length upon the right, and a beautiful large lake on the left. At the end of this open space stands the Galle Face Hotel, one of the finest in the East.

The road over which we have been travelling runs for nearly one hundred miles along the coast, and is said to be one of great beauty. Following this for three or four miles, we pass a large number of well-kept bungalows standing in large gardens or compounds. As a rule, these are the private residences of merchants, civil servants, and wealthier natives. With their red-tiled roofs, extensive verandahs, and large white pillars, the appearance presented is certainly striking.

During my stay in Colombo, I had the honour of conducting Divine Service in two Churches—the old Dutch Church of Wolfendahl, and the Scottish Church of St. Andrew. The former is a massive, cruciform structure, standing on high ground, with a fine outlook over the harbour.[1] Built by the Dutch in the year 1749, on the site of an old Portuguese Church called Aqua de Lupo, it was for many years their principal place of worship. Around its walls are to be found many tablets and hatchments, erected to the memory of leading Dutch officials. The floor is practically laid with slabs of stone which once covered the graves of honoured dead. Within the Church the most striking things are the magisterial pew with its rich carvings, the pulpit with its huge sounding board, a magnificently carved baptismal font, and several quaint but highly ornamental communion vessels. The modern congregation is almost entirely made up of burghers or descendants of the ancient Dutch. At present, this Church and a few smaller ones associated with it are ministered to by two clergymen from the Irish Presbyterian Church,—Mr. Park and Mr. Tweed. The service is not at all unlike that of our Churches at home,

[1] See Plate XIII.

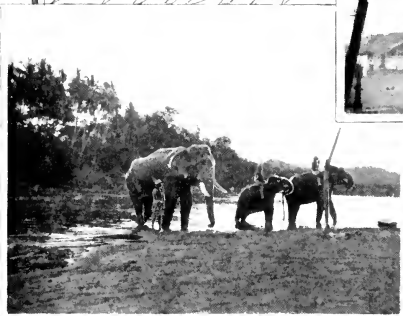
the only differences being that the opening Psalm is given out by one of the elders, and the minister enters the pulpit while the Psalm is being sung. Time was when the whole of the service up to the sermon was conducted by the elders in the same way. The hymn-book in use is our own Church Hymnary.

St. Andrew's Church, of which Mr. Dunn is minister, although the recognized place of Scottish Presbyterian worship, had little of the attractive about its structure. To suit the warm climate it had been built practically open on three sides, and being in the neighbourhood of a busy street, was far from an ideal place of worship. I am glad to be able to speak of this building only in the past tense. Since I was in Colombo, the Church has been sold to make way for the advancing commercial needs of the town, and with the money secured for it, a much more suitable edifice has been built.

A short run of about seven miles brought me to Mount Lavinia. Perhaps the most striking building in this much-visited place is a huge structure, overlooking the sea, at one time the marine residence of Sir E. Barnes a former Governor of the Island, but now a very fine hotel. To me the principal objects of interest were a small, but beautifully kept, Buddhist temple and the site of the encampments of the Boer prisoners, who had been brought from South Africa at the close of the late war. Very comfortable seemed the temporary structures which had been erected as their houses, and almost unsurpassable in its fascination was the spot in which their houses had been placed. One felt inclined to ask if prisoners of war had ever been more favourably situated. One could also understand the sense of dis-satisfaction which the Boer again and again expressed.

BUDDHIST PRIESTS, KANDY.

WOLFENDAHL DUTCH CHURCH COLOMBO.



SACRED ELEPHANTS, KANDY.

TALIPUT PALMS, KANDY.

NATIVE BULLOCK CART, KANDY.

The palm-covered Isle of Ceylon was not his veldt; the land of the Singhalese was not his home. To the exile, even an earthly paradise is apt to be robbed of much of its glory.

A railway journey of about 75 miles brought me to Kandy. For about 52 miles the railway does not rise more than 313 feet above the level of the sea; for the next 12 miles the gradient is 1 in 45, and at the 65th mile-stone a height of 1698 feet is reached. The lowland part of the journey may best be described as a rapid run through ever varying palm-groves and rice-fields, with an occasional young tea estate introduced. A description of the more mountainous parts of the journey may best be given in the words of another. "The beauty of the landscape," says Henry W. Cave, "now heightens to the sublime; our pace is reduced to about 8 miles an hour, owing to the steepness of the gradient, and we are thus enabled to enjoy the panorama that unfolds itself as we move upward in winding and intricate course. The curves of the line are frequently so sharp that it is possible to see both the engines in front and the passengers seated in the last carriage behind. At one moment, on the edge of a sheer precipice, we are gazing downwards some thousand feet below; at another we are looking upward at a mighty crag one thousand feet above; from the zig-zags by which we climb the mountain sides, fresh views appear at every turn; far-reaching valleys edged by the soft blue ranges of distant mountains, and filled with luxuriant masses of dense forest, relieved here and there by the vivid green terraces of rice fields; cascades of lovely flowering creepers, hanging in festoons from tree to tree and from crag to crag; deep ravines and foaming

waterfalls, above and below dashing their spray into mist as it falls into the verdurous abyss; . . . the scattered huts and gardens and the quaint people about them, so primitive in their habits that they vary little from the fashions of two thousand years ago; these are some of the features of interest as we journey into the Kandyan district."[1]

Four miles from the city of Kandy we reach Peradeniya Junction, with its beautiful Botanical Gardens. A forenoon spent in this delightful spot introduced me to some of the glories of tropical vegetation. To attempt to give the names of the plants would require a space which I have not at my command. To describe them is far beyond the possibility of my pen. The Gardens cover an area of 150 acres, and are surrounded on three sides by a noble river. Among the trees are to be found specimens of nearly all the kinds that are indigenous to the island and many that are foreign to it. As if to enhance effect, several artificial pools have been constructed. In their waters many of the trees seemed to be almost perfectly reflected. One group of magnificent bamboos placed in this position attracted my attention; but nothing interested me more than an avenue of talipot palms,[2] the leaves of which are said to be capable of being put to no fewer than eight hundred and one uses, the principal being sunshades and Buddhist books.

Kandy is mentioned in history as far back as the beginning of the 14th century; but it seems to have been adopted as the capital of the island only about the close of the 16th century. About the beginning of the 14th century a temple was built, upon the banks of a

[1] "Golden Tips,' by Henry W Cave' M.A., F.R.G.S., p. 49-50. [2] See Plate XIII.

very beautiful lake, for the purpose of enshrining a tooth of Buddha and other relics. From possessing these, it came to be a place of special importance in the eyes of Buddhists, and eventually drew to it the royal family. Lying as it does in a deep basin among the hills and situated on the banks of a very picturesque lake, its position is one of great beauty. Its present population numbers about 20,000, and is made up of about 100 English, between 200 and 300 Burghers, and the remainder natives. Much of the religious life of the city centres around the "Temple of the Tooth"; not a little of its commercial life is conditioned by the large number of tea estates in the neighbourhood.

An afternoon drive by the famous Lady Horton's Walk, and a glimpse of the landscape from occasional openings in the wood, enabled me to obtain several very charming views of Kandy and its neighbourhood.[1] Below me lay one of the most picturesque of lakes; far beyond rose hill upon hill, covered with tea gardens, and culminating in a rugged cliff, fully 4000 feet high. On either side of the road were to be found specimens of nearly all the large trees that are known to the island, and an undergrowth consisting largely of bamboos, sugar-canes, cinnamons, and nutmegs. Emerging from the woods, I came upon the sacred elephants[2] bathing in the river, and in the course of my return journey had a look at the Scottish Church, and a talk with Mr. Russell, its minister.

Fortunately my journey to the East was attended by very little of the nature of accident; but I had not been entirely out of the region of danger. I had not long lef

[1] See Plate XIII. [2] See Plate XIII.

the Himalayas when several of the valleys were disturbed by most disastrous earthquakes; and once when travelling among the mountains, over a pathway too rough for riding, I had to rescue my little pony from the consequences of a slip over the edge of the road. That I might not leave the East without some more exciting personal experience, my return from Kandy to Colombo was followed by an all too literal illustration of the way in which the Eastern robber can "break through and steal." During the night the bungalow in which I was staying was entered by a native burglar, in native fashion, and a good deal of consternation caused by his stealthy advent. By a silent process, a large hole had been made in the wall, and doubtless a berry, which had been gathered in the wood, had been afterwards burned in the house for the sake of inducing sleep. So successful did his methods prove, that before the cry of thief could have been raised several valuable articles had been stolen.

On the evening of Thursday, 6th April, I bade "Good-bye" to a kind host and hostess. In about three weeks, the P. & O. S.S. "Marmora" brought me safely to Plymouth. For several reasons I am tempted to speak of the final portion of my journey, and more especially of the gladness with which I viewed again the green fields of England. But this book deals only with "Eastern Impressions." I shall have done what I intended if I have helped to make the East, by pen or picture, more interesting or more instructive.

FINIS.

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